

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2614.—VOL. XCIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6*d*.



MR. MUYBRIDGE SHOWING HIS INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF ANIMAL MOTION AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The *Spectator*, to which the lovers of the animal world have been long accustomed to confide the traits of their favourites, has aroused much virtuous indignation in certain rival journals by its discovery of a too sagacious parrot. "Dogs of super-human sagacity we can stand," they say, "in the columns of our respected contemporary; but its cats have been always too clever for us, and now that it has gone in for king-parrots of genius, our attitude has become one of incredulity." For my own part, never having mixed in the upper circles even of the bird-world, I have no acquaintance with king-parrots; but the sagacity of which this particular bird has been accused does not appear to me excessive. The case is as follows: One of the *Spectator's* correspondents (all of whom keep "something," of course) keeps a parrot, which "flies about his study"; on his letter-weight is the leaden image of a parrot, and the living bird is in the habit of going through the process of feeding his counterfeit presentment. The main objection to the story is, of course, that, however admirably modelled, no representation of a bird would look like life to another bird. Zeuxis took in his feathered friends, indeed, but only by his grapes; his picture of the man that carried them did not give them the least apprehension. Nevertheless, from an experience of my own I have reason to believe in this parrot's delusion.

Years ago, I possessed a beautiful Persian cat, called Fluff, quite as sagacious as any of his race described by the *Spectator*. If I were to narrate his feats my trade as a writer of fiction would be fatal to their acceptance; the ungentle reader would only murmur, "Here is another liar"; but one incident in his career has to this day many living witnesses. Beautiful and accomplished as he was, he had, of course, his detractors; it was impossible to spoil dear Fluff, but perhaps he was a little indulged. The whole family detested him; and under pretence of putting his sagacity to the test, prevailed upon me to permit an experiment to be tried upon him, which I have since regretted (for he is dead) with fruitless tears. It was his custom to sit upon my right shoulder at dinner-time, and to share such portions of my humble repast as were to his liking. A toy cat was purchased of his own size, hideous beyond belief, and one evening secured with string upon my left shoulder. Fluff jumped upon the other as usual, and for a minute or two the Dead (or, at least, the Stuffed) and the Living sat side by side unconscious of each other's presence. In leaning forward for a bit of salmon Fluff caught sight of the new-comer. He couldn't turn white, poor dear, for Nature had placed it out of his power; but I never saw panic, and also distress of mind, more clearly depicted in any countenance. With a wild cry, such as is only heard upon the housetops in the dead of night, he leapt from my shoulder, and rushed from the presence of what he most certainly believed to be a rival. Unlike the king-parrot, he never attempted to feed it; whenever he saw it he miaowed and fled precipitately: even now I think with remorse of what my darling suffered at the hands—or paws—of the creature he, without doubt, believed to be alive, and capable of seducing my affections from him. Even when I threw it into the fire it did not re-establish confidence between us, nor could I ever persuade him to sit upon my shoulder again.

The most curious story of a bird's intelligence (though hardly to the advantage of the bird) is told in connection with the famous Earl of Peterborough. That masterful nobleman entertained a passion for a young person who doted on canaries. She set her fancy on one belonging to the proprietress of a certain coffee-house his Lordship frequented, and which sang divinely. He tried to buy it; but its owner, though not in affluent circumstances, declined to part with it. Finding no other way of getting it, he procured a facsimile of the canary, and substituted it for the coveted bird. He continued to frequent the house, to avoid suspicion; and after some months, during which the Revolution occurred, he one day remarked to his hostess, "I wanted at one time to buy that bird, but you refused the money. I dare say you are by this time sorry for it." "Quite the contrary," she answered; "nor would I now take any sum for him. For—can you believe it?—ever since the time that our dear King James was forced to leave us, the intelligent creature has not sung a single note!"

A famous painter has recently been so good as to say that "After all, the best criticism one can pass on a picture is that one likes it." This is an idea that has struck people before, who are neither famous nor painters; but hitherto they have not ventured to express it. To be pleased with a picture—that is, justly pleased; not merely refreshed or delighted (which is, of course, nothing at all)—we have always been informed by the authorities requires an education. To be displeased, also, to judge by the learned and amazing phrases in which the art-critics show their dissatisfaction, requires an education also; but into that matter the painter in question has not entered. Perhaps he may have been only thinking of his own pictures (in which case, of course, there could be no unfavourable view), and speaking with an eye to Show Sunday. The desperate attempts of his friends on that occasion to convey their admiration of his works in professional language may have become unendurable to him (one really never does know what to say under these trying circumstances, for though where everything is praiseworthy it is impossible to praise the wrong thing, one may be unfortunate in not selecting the right one); and he has resolved to cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties, and at the same time preserve his own delicate sense of self-respect. Even so, and supposing he has been actuated by the most selfish motives, he is still a public benefactor. In visiting his studio, at least, there will be no more necessity, when standing opposite to a *chef-d'œuvre*, for knitting the brow, for supporting the elbow in the hollow of the hand, and for murmuring what we are not quite certain are the proper phrases of encomium.

All we shall have to do is to clap our hands and beamingly exclaim, "Now, this is what I like!" The wise visitor will here stop; but some, no doubt, will amplify their praise ("Heaven only knows why I admire it. It is like Dr. Fell—not, of course, that it's *his* portrait; and, indeed, I mean quite the other way—but one can give no *reason* for liking it, you know; indeed, quite the reverse: it's instinct, Mr. Mahlstick"). One can't help foolish people overdoing things; but in the original statement, "Now, this is what I like," there is safety and satisfaction for everybody.

If the assertion that this is, "after all, the best criticism" is, on the other hand, really intended for public use, there should be no bounds to our gratitude to him who has promulgated it. I can only compare him with some patriot citizen who has put up at his own expense, in a crowded and dangerous crossing, a comfortable street-refuge where the timid and the fragile may defy the dangers of wheel and hoof. Henceforward, in the picture season, no man need be compelled to give reasons to his fair neighbour at the dinner-table for his admiration of a work of art. He can stop her at once: "Madam, I like it; and the great — tells us that that is the best of all criticisms."

My acquaintance with "floating" companies is small; my social position being, unfortunately, too obscure to admit of my being even a "guinea pig" (an animal which, in commercial life, I estimate far above the bear or the bull); but "the Aboukir Bay Treasure Company" (as advertised), excites my lively interest. A diving concern which has an "admiral of the fleet" on its board of directors, looks much more like raising money (which is, indeed, its object) than sinking it—and is altogether promising. The pecuniary success of the venture is, however, *at present*—I write that with emphasis, for who knows what these few lines of recognition may do for me with "the Board"?—a secondary consideration; it is the romance of the thing which attracts one's fancy. What these enterprising gentlemen are in search of is the wreck of the three-decker L'Orient, sunk by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, with (it is said) £600,000 in specie on board of her. Without sarcasm I wish they may get it, and, if it be there, there really seems no reason why they shouldn't. It is not a question of "Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by her foes"; she was not the least dreaded by her foes (who, in fact, sunk her), and there is no occasion to weigh her up, but only to "relieve" her (as "the gentlemen of the road" used to say) of her superfluous cash. The Khedive of Egypt has for a consideration granted the concession of it, which, since it was the money dispatched by Bonaparte for the arrears of his army when invading Egypt, is itself a happy example of poetical justice. The incidental allusion to other property on board, under the head of proceeds of "a raid upon a Catholic church in Valletta" and "unenumerated valuables" (which in this connection reminds one of "unconsidered trifles") is also pleasant. The ship, though she has lain at the bottom (sandy) of the Bay for ninety years is, we are told, "often visible to the naked eye in still weather." If I were a shareholder I should like to make up a party to visit the Mediterranean in the summer months and look at my property.

"Twas in Aboukir's Bay
We saw the Frenchman lay

would be a pleasant adaptation of a popular melody to sing under those circumstances in chorus after lunch.

Whenever a precocious young gentleman drowns himself for love; or takes to the road as a highwayman with a second-hand revolver; or forges his uncle's name for £4 17s. 6d. (the odd money being his idea of financial naturalness); or puts to sea (in somebody else's boat) with a view to colonisation, it is always set down to "the influence of depraving literature." Statistics are instantly quoted by our social teachers to show how shockingly prone is the human mind to devour works of fiction, and how much better it would be if it would turn, especially in early life, to treatises on commercial science or philosophic speculation. Story-telling seems certainly popular. In the report of the Branch Library at Knightsbridge, I read that the "lump total" of what are called "informing works" borrowed from that institution last year was but 824, against 7738 novels; this is sad, indeed (except for the novelists), but still, it is not, let us hope, in the literary coteries of Knightsbridge that the youthful malefactors above mentioned are to be found. All fiction is not devoted to the doings of highwaymen and pirates, and instead of denouncing it as if it were, a much wiser course would be to point out to imaginative young people that there is other reading fully as attractive as "The Knights of the Road," and better worth their attention. They will read fiction (in preference even to "Science made Easy"), and they confine themselves to this garbage because it is within easy reach, and more wholesome fare is designedly withheld from them. Since their taste for stories is ineradicable, why not point out to them how and where it can be gratified without hurt, and even to their advantage? A good novel is more or less a picture of life, and though it can never fill the place of experience, it will teach the youthful reader something of what he is likely to meet with upon the road before him.

There is abundance of advice given to juveniles about "the best books to read" (as there is about the best physic), but, unhappily, they are books they cannot be persuaded to look into; the choice of novels is altogether beneath the notice of our high-flying educationalists. Yet, in such a case (and there are many like it) as occurred at Gravesend lately, it is clear that a little knowledge of the world, even as moderately good novelists teach it, would have saved a foolish youth from a rash end. He jumps over a cliff (at Roserville, I believe; where persons of his rank of life go "to spend a happy day") at sixteen, because he says, in a letter left behind him, "he is tired of life," since his Alice (a girl of the same age) "will not have him for her lover": he therefore leaves "the curse of his head upon her"—evidently a misreading of some very fine writing—and breaks his neck. In the same newspaper which tells this sad story some young gentlemen are "highly commended" for getting up at six o'clock every morning to join a class to read Butler; but the boys who are born so good as that are rare; their class, like other select assemblies, is "small" as well as "early"; and it seems a pity that only the good boys, who love theology, and scorn to waste their time on works of imagination, are thought to be worth taking in hand.

THE COURT.

The two chief events of recent Court life have been the laying the foundation-stone of new school buildings at Eton, illustrated and described in the present Number, and the presentation of a picture to her Majesty by Germans residing in London.

One more Jubilee gift was presented to the Queen on May 16: a large painting by Professor Anton von Werner, in which is grouped the Imperial family of Germany as it existed two years ago. The brother of the Emperor now on the throne is presenting his betrothed wife, Princess Irene of Hesse, to Kaiser Wilhelm I., his grandfather; the Crown Prince, afterwards Kaiser Frederick, in the well-known Cuirassiers' uniform, stands a little to the right; the Empress Augusta is sitting near her husband; and fourteen other members of the family complete the picture. The Empress Augusta has for many years past refused to have her portrait painted, and her face is turned away; but the artist has hit on the happy device of representing an early portrait of her, by Winterhalter, hanging on the wall. This noble work of art is the gift of Germans residing in England.

The Turkish Ambassador and the Earl of Lathom arrived at Windsor Castle the same day on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. The Austrian Ambassador and the Duchess of Buccleuch were also invited.

On the 17th Sir J. Cowell attended, at St. Margaret's Church, Lee, on behalf of the Queen, the funeral of Miss Hildyard, for many years governess to the Princesses, her Majesty's daughters, by whom she was much beloved, as well as by the Queen and the Prince Consort.

Captain the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple; the Provost of Eton, the Rev. J. J. Hornby, D.D.; and the Rev. E. Warre, D.D., Head Master of Eton, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family on the 18th. Sir William Jenner, Bart., arrived at the castle.

The Queen and Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle on Sunday morning, the 19th. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by the Rev. William Sinclair, B.D., Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster, who preached the sermon.

Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), who is residing with the Queen at Windsor Castle, was safely delivered of a son early on the morning of the 21st. Her Royal Highness and the infant are doing well. The family of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg now consists of Prince Alexander, Princess Victoria, and the son recently born.

The Queen keeps her birthday on Friday, May 24, at Windsor Castle. In celebration of her Majesty's birthday, on Saturday, the 25th, the Marquis of Salisbury, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will entertain the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers at a full-dress banquet at the Prime Minister's residence, in Arlington-street; the Duchess of Buccleuch, as Mistress of the Robes, will have a dinner-party at Montagu House, Whitehall; Lord George Hamilton, as First Lord of the Admiralty, will give a full-dress dinner; Mr. Goschen, a dinner-party, at his private residence in Portland-place; Lord Knutsford, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, will give a full-dress banquet at the Colonial Office; Mr. Edward Stanhope, M.P., as Secretary of State for War, a dinner at the War-Office.

It is announced that, in consequence of the death of the Dowager-Queen of Bavaria, the Court has gone into mourning for three weeks, dating from May 17, and that the State ball fixed for Thursday, the 23rd, has been postponed till Monday, the 27th. On account of the injury which might be occasioned to trade, her Majesty will dispense with the Court mourning at the State ball on the 27th, the Drawing-room on the 29th, and the State concert on the 31st, excepting for her Majesty's household and the Corps Diplomatique.

The Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of the members of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, at Marlborough House, on the morning of May 16. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Earl and Countess Cadogan's ball, at Chelsea House.

On the 17th, their Royal Highnesses, with their three daughters, visited the Horse-Show, at Olympia; and in the evening, accompanied by Prince George, and attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, dined with the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, at their residence in Berkeley-square.

Prince George of Wales was presented with the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company on the 18th, and afterwards lunched with the Prime Warden and the Court of Assistants at the Fishmongers' Hall. Colonel Clarke was in attendance. The Prince of Wales presided in the afternoon at the annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, held at Willis's Rooms. The Duke and Duchess de Chartres and Prince Henri and Princesse Marguerite d'Orléans visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. Prince's Racquet and Tennis Club, over against the Cavalry Barracks, Knightsbridge, was informally opened by his Royal Highness, he being accompanied by Prince George; subsequently the Prince, accompanied by Prince George, was present at a concert given by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The following dined with his Royal Highness previous to the concert:—Prince George, the Prince of Leiningen, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, the Duke of Beaufort, Major Lord Arthur Somerset, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Oscar Clayton, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Reuben Sassoon, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. Charles Morley, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Samson Fox, and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale. The Princess, with her daughters, and the Duchess of Edinburgh, occupied the Royal box at the Italian opera.

The Prince presided at a meeting of the Governors of Wellington College, at Marlborough House, on the 20th. His Royal Highness, as a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, invested the Duke of Edinburgh, at Marlborough House, with the collar of that Order, by the express desire of the Queen-Regent of Spain. The Duc de Némours, likewise a Knight of the Order, assisted at the ceremony, and his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador was present at it. The Prince went to the House of Lords in the afternoon; and in the evening the Prince and Princess and suite occupied the Royal box at the Italian Opera, Covent-garden.

The Prince has arranged to inspect the Metropolitan Fire Brigade on the Horse Guards' Parade on Saturday afternoon, the 25th, and the Princess of Wales will present medals to several members of the brigade for gallant conduct.

Prince Albert Victor embarked on the 20th, on board the Royal yacht Osborne, at Stranraer, where the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council presented an address of welcome. Next morning the Prince left for Belfast, to open the new Alexandra Graving Dock. His Royal Highness received a most enthusiastic welcome. He was accompanied by the Duke of Abercorn.

MUYBRIDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF ANIMAL MOTION.

At the conversazione of the Royal Society, on May 8, at Burlington House, much interest was excited by Mr. Eadweard Muybridge's exhibition, by the "Zoopraxiscope," with an electric lantern and glass slides, casting pictures of moving figures on a screen, of some of the instructive series of photographs taken by him at the University of Pennsylvania, representing various animals, quadrupeds and birds, men, women, and children, in the successive attitudes and gestures of ordinary acts of locomotion.

The "Zoopraxiscope" is a modification, by Mr. Muybridge, of that well-known scientific toy, the Zoetrope, or "Wheel of Life." By means of this new instrument, illuminated photographs of animals or human figures, the size of nature, are exhibited on a screen, apparently executing the movements of life. This affords the spectator an opportunity of studying, by synthesis, the facts of animal motion, which are also demonstrated by analysis.

In 1872, Mr. Muybridge, in California, managed to take the first side photograph ever made of a horse trotting at full speed, for the purpose of settling a controversy among horsemen whether at any instant all the feet of the trotting-horse are entirely off the ground. In 1876 he conceived an invention yielding far more important results. By directing a whole battery of cameras, arranged side by side in a line parallel with the path of the animal's motion, at precise intervals of time and distance, within very small fractions of a second, and with a background divided into very small marked squares of space, to the animal as it passes along, he obtains a wonderfully accurate record of its actual movements. These could not in many cases be detected, with anything like certainty and exactness, by mere ocular observation. It is not too much to say that the discoveries already made, and those hereafter to be expected, by the incomparably more rapid instrumentality of photography, instead of the untrained human eye, will add greatly to the facts of zoological, anatomical, and biological science; to the resources of graphic art, and the instruction of draughtsmen, painters, and sculptors; and to the theory of athletic and gymnastic training, besides many other practical uses that may be made of this knowledge.

In 1882 Mr. Muybridge was in Europe, and then exhibited some of the results of his work to meetings, both in Paris and in London, of the persons best qualified to appreciate their value. The eminent French painter, Meissonier, having particularly studied the subject, gave a lecture upon it, in his own studio, to a meeting of his brother artists, and prophesied that it would soon put an end to the conventional representations of horses walking, trotting, or galloping, which were not true to nature. Sir Frederick Leighton invited Mr. Muybridge to lecture here at the Royal Academy, which he did, as well as giving lectures at the Royal Institution, the Society of Arts, and the Government Schools of Science and Art at South Kensington.

On his return to America, in 1883, the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, were moved by several enlightened and liberal citizens, who offered to guarantee expenses, to consider how they could provide means for Mr. Muybridge to extend his operations. They appointed a commission of inquiry, which included the Professors of Physics, Anatomy, Physiology, Veterinary Surgery, Engineering, and Fine Arts; the result was that they established a special branch of the University, with all needful appliances, on which nearly 40,000 dols. have been expended, under the superintendence of Mr. Muybridge—a noble exercise of that true function of a public University, "the endowment of research."

The outdoor studio provided by the University for Mr. Muybridge is an inclosure, along one side of which is a shed, 120 ft. long, 11 ft. high, and 16 ft. deep, with the front open; the shed is painted black, and the open front is filled with a network of white threads, vertical and horizontal, crossing each other to form equal squares of nearly two inches, with broader or thicker threads marking out larger squares, about twelve inches in size; but, for some investigations, portable frames with different squares are occasionally substituted. In front of the shed is the track, laid with rubber matting, for the animal to move along; and frames of white threads, with a black background, are adjusted at each end of the track, before and behind the animal. Opposite to the shed is the camera-house, 32 ft. long, with a table or counter on which are placed twenty-four photographic cameras, with lenses of 3 in. diameter and 15 in. focus, besides portable cameras, and each with the powerful electro-photographic exposer invented by Mr. Muybridge. These work automatically, by an apparatus too complicated for us to describe, which the operator sets in motion by making the electric contact at one end; and the speed of which is regulated according to the pace of the animal. One set of cameras will be placed so as to take a lateral view, while other sets command simultaneous views, at precise angles, of front and rear foreshortenings; so that three different views of the position of the animal, in each of twelve stages of its movements for the complete performance of a single stride, can readily be obtained.

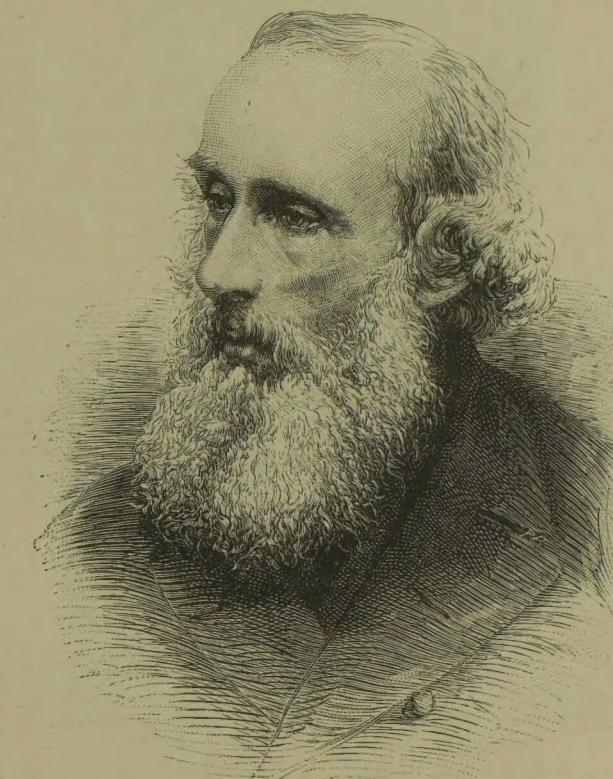
The photographs, of course, showing the background of white-lined squares, furnish an accurate record of the motions of the animal's body and limbs, vertically, forward, and sideways; while the time occupied in each of these different phases of action is ascertained by the chronograph. It is considered that a complete round movement is that which restores the body and limbs, at its termination, to the same relative position that they had at its commencement; for a man walking, this means the execution of two steps, which may occupy a second and a half of time. There will be twelve phases of motion, in this case, with intervals of about one-eighth of a second; and each of these phases will be photographed from three different points of view. The duration of these photograph exposures has sometimes been less than the four-thousandth part of a second. From the position of the object photographed on the white-lined squares, it is easy to draw the curves of motion through which the body, with every limb of it, must have passed.

The results of these ingenious labours are already shown in a collection of 781 beautiful plates, each illustrating the successive phases of a single action of human figures, draped or nude, walking, running, jumping, dancing, fighting, working, or playing; horses, trotting, cantering, ambling, galloping, or leaping; mules, asses, oxen, dogs and cats, goats, lions, elephants, camels, buffaloes, and deer; pigeons, flying eagles, vultures, ostriches, cranes, and other birds. These plates, of a size 19 inches by 24 inches, are permanently printed by the Photogravure Company, and are published in handsome portfolios, of one hundred, to be selected by any subscriber of twenty guineas. Several departments of the United States Government, nearly all the American Universities and Colleges, the chief institutions of Science and Art, and Public Libraries, as well as large numbers of private subscribers, have procured copies of this remarkable work. It has also been ordered for the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and other institutions

in England. The subscriptions will go towards reimbursing to the University of Pennsylvania some part of its large expenditure on the subject. Mr. Muybridge will be pleased to send cards of admission to anyone interested in Art or Science who wishes to examine the illustrations, or to obtain further information in respect to this remarkable work. His London address is 38, Craven-street, Charing-cross.

THE LATE REV. LORD SYDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE.

The death of this esteemed country clergyman and earnest literary advocate of philanthropic movements, whose letters signed "S. G. O." in the *Times* contributed powerfully, thirty or forty years ago, to call public attention to needful reforms in the condition of the labouring classes, was recorded in our Obituary last week. He was born in 1808, a younger son of the late Lord Godolphin, who, in 1850, was succeeded in that Barony by George Godolphin Osborne, elder brother of Sydney Godolphin Osborne, and Duke of Leeds after the death, in 1859, of his kinsman, Francis Godolphin D'Arcy Osborne, the seventh Duke. The present Duke of Leeds and Lord Godolphin, who is nephew to the late Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, succeeded his own father in 1872; his eldest son bears the title of Marquis of Carmarthen. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne was educated at Rugby School and at Brasenose College, Oxford; he was Rector of Stoke Pogis, near Eton, and afterwards of Durweston, in Dorsetshire; but in 1875 resigned his parochial charge, and has since resided at Lewes, in Sussex, having been some years a widower. He devoted much time and effort, in the Irish famine and fever time of 1847, and subsequently, to personal investigations in that country, upon which he wrote



THE LATE REV. LORD SYDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE
("S. G. O.")

with good effect. During the Crimean War he visited the hospitals at Scutari under Miss Florence Nightingale's management, and wrote upon that subject. He was also the author of useful pamphlets and letters on the administration of charity, the dwellings of the poor, various plans for social improvement in rural villages, and the education of children.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. John and Charles Watkins, taken some twenty-five years ago.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The President of the French Republic and Madame Carnot gave the first great ball in honour of the Exhibition on May 16, in the new gallery which has been erected for such receptions. The Diplomatic Corps and the leading politicians were present, and the whole affair passed off brilliantly.—On the 20th the President of the Republic visited the Champ de Mars to inaugurate the picture galleries on the first floor of the Palais des Beaux Arts, containing a decennial exhibition of French art and art sections of Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, the United States, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Holland.—In the afternoon of the same day the civil marriage of his Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh with a young English lady—Miss Ada Douglas Wetherill—took place in the Mayor's office of the Eighth Arrondissement, or "Quartier de la Madeleine." The ceremony was strictly private, and was only attended by one or two of the Paris friends of the bride and bridegroom. In the register the latter was described as "Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Sovereign of the Sikh Nation, living at No. 24, Rue Marbeuf, Paris, and formerly in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Profession, Rajah, and widower of Bamba-Muller, who died in London." The bride, a young and good-looking lady, was registered as "the daughter of B. D. Wetherill, deceased, and Sarah, his wife, both of Hampshire, England."—The Eiffel Tower was opened on the 15th to the public of Paris, and many thousand visitors ascended as far as they are as yet permitted to go before the lifts have been completed.

On May 17 the Infant King Alfonso XIII. completed his third year, and the event was everywhere celebrated, a public holiday being observed.

The King of Italy, accompanied by his Heir Apparent, the Prince of Naples, and his Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, started on May 19 on his journey to Berlin, amidst the enthusiastic good wishes of his subjects. King Humbert arrived at Berlin on the morning of the 21st, and was received by the Emperor. The meeting was a very hearty one. The city was splendidly decorated, and as their Majesties drove through the streets to the palace they were loudly cheered by immense crowds of people. The rooms prepared for the King of Italy and his son during their stay in Berlin are on the first floor of the Royal Castle, overlooking the Lustgarten.

The Queensland Parliament was opened on May 21 by Sir Henry Norman, the new Governor, who in his speech expressed his appreciation of the enthusiastic reception he had received on his arrival in the Colony.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Seldom is the staid decorum of the House of Lords ruffled by an outburst of Homeric laughter such as startled listeners on the Twentieth of May. It arose from a diverting cause. The recent judicial exclusion of Lady Sandhurst from the London County Council, to which her Ladyship was elected, moved the Earl of Meath to gallantly do battle for the fair sex. With much of his Exeter Hall fervour, the noble and philanthropic Earl with the flowing beard prayed their Lordships to agree to his Bill qualifying women to sit as County Councillors, and displayed much ingenuity in showing cause why his measure was just and expedient.

Now, Earl Fortescue, who had come down to the House to move that the Earl of Meath's Bill be read a second time that day six months, occupied his usual seat on the cross-bench (near the Prince of Wales), and was so absorbed in conversation with another noble Lord that he did not hear the Lord Chancellor put the question, and decide that the "non-contents" had it. So that, when Lord Fortescue rose to move his amendment, with the full and fell intention, possibly, of indulging in a speech of an hour's duration, the House enjoyed the joke immensely, and fairly roared at the innocent look of surprise that crept over the noble Earl's benevolent countenance. It was in vain that Lord Fortescue, amid a continuous ripple of laughter, pleaded that he had not heard the question put from the woolsack. Lord Halsbury was obdurate; and Earl Fortescue had to be satisfied with a division, which negatived the Bill by the large majority of 85 (108 against 23 votes). The amusing episode later on afforded Lord Salisbury and the Lord Chancellor food for mirthful converse on the Ministerial bench. This was while the Earl of Morley presided as Chairman in Committee on the Horseflesh Food Bill, the marked interest taken by their Lordships in which measure (notably by Lord Herschell) might have been accepted as a fresh instance of the hardness of the times.

The pleasant early summer weather has been signalled by the advent of the first grey hats and white waistcoats of the season in the House of Commons; Mr. Chamberlain, as befits a young and happy bridegroom, being among the earliest to wear the festive-looking garment. Obviously all the better for his rational Saturday-to-Monday visit to Dollis Hill, Mr. Gladstone appeared to be quite gay and debonair as he lounged in his seat as Leader of the Opposition, and with eagerness turned to greet Sir Charles Russell, and shake hands with the eloquent counsel for Mr. Parnell.

The Leader of the House has done much to expedite business in the Lower House. A brief and pithy speaker himself, Mr. Smith may justly be held to sympathise with Mr. Atkinson's Bill to limit the duration of speeches; and the First Lord of the Treasury would bring about a further saving of time in Parliament could he see his way to support the principle of the measure.

The question of Perpetual Pensions, naturally a bone of contention with hon. members not in the receipt of any, was debated with much animation at the initiation of Mr. Bradlaugh on the Sixteenth of May. The drift of the hon. member's motion was that the rate of commutation usually adopted, about twenty-seven years' purchase, is too high. Mr. Bradlaugh has decidedly improved his position in the House by moderating his language in the discussion of such matters. The junior member for Northampton is listened to with attention on both sides. Ministers, indeed, are now quite courteous in their attitude towards the heterodox member, whom they strenuously strove, and successfully strove for some few years, to exclude from the House. Thus does Time bring about its revenges. Lord Randolph Churchill's henchman, Mr. Hanbury, who is never afraid to show an independent front to the Government, strongly supported Mr. Bradlaugh's motion; and Mr. Goschen, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Smith, and Dr. Clark joined in the discussion, which Mr. Bradlaugh neatly terminated by moving the closure. There was a majority of 59 against the resolution; but it was plain that opinion in the Commons is ripening in the direction of economy on this point.

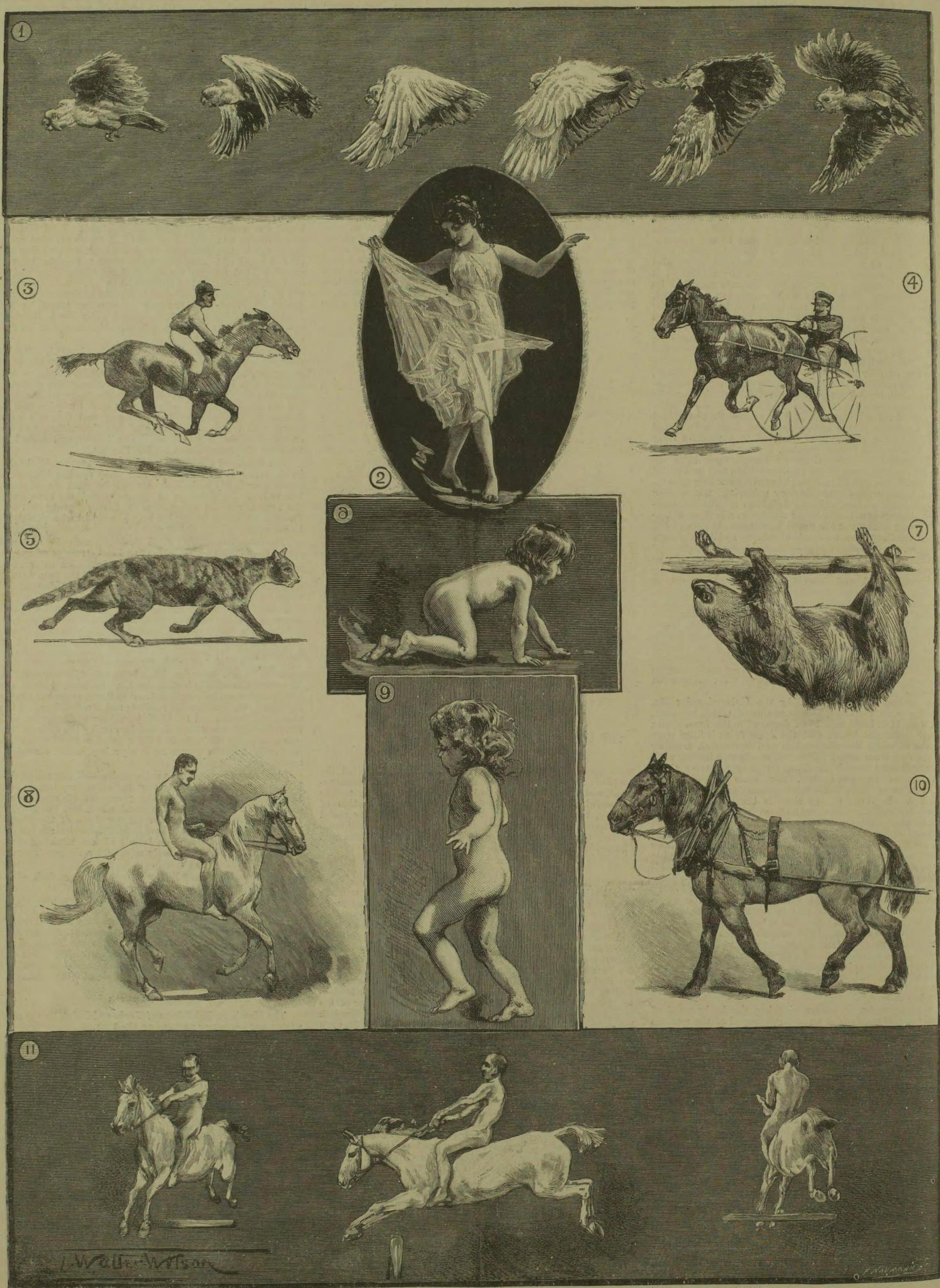
Mr. Labouchere at the next evening's sitting reintroduced his annual motion declaring that the hereditary branch of the Legislature is contrary to the principles of representative government. There was a general admission, in which the Premier's son concurred, that some reform of the House of Lords is necessary. Their Lordships themselves are known to admit this. Mr. Balfour, on behalf of the Ministry, opposed the resolution, which was only rejected by the small majority of 41 (201 against 160 votes).

The Naval Defence Bill was, on the Twentieth of May, read the third time by a majority of 82; and, at the subsequent sitting, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had the satisfaction to secure the third reading of the National Debt Bill without a division, though not without some pointed criticism from Sir William Harcourt, apparently none the worse for his accident at Waterloo Station. On that same Twenty-first of May, the Marquis of Salisbury rallied the London forces of the Primrose League at Her Majesty's Theatre, and in the evening held a levee at the Constitutional Club, at which ladies were privileged to be present.

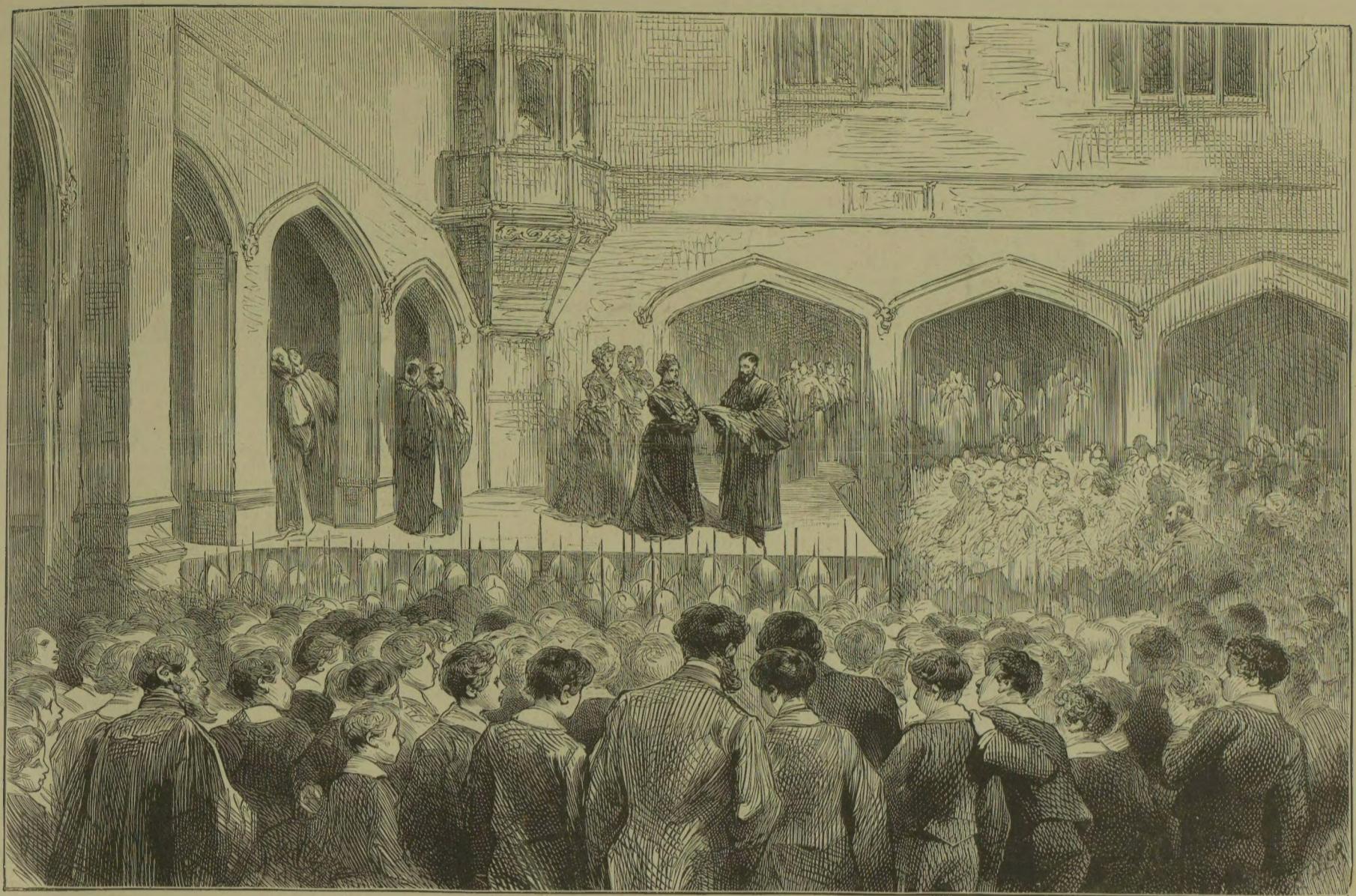
The Hamburg Exhibition of Trade and Industry was opened with great ceremony at noon on the 15th.

There has been a fire at St. Sauveur, Quebec, which destroyed 700 houses, mostly small tenements occupied by persons of the labouring class. Five thousand people are homeless.

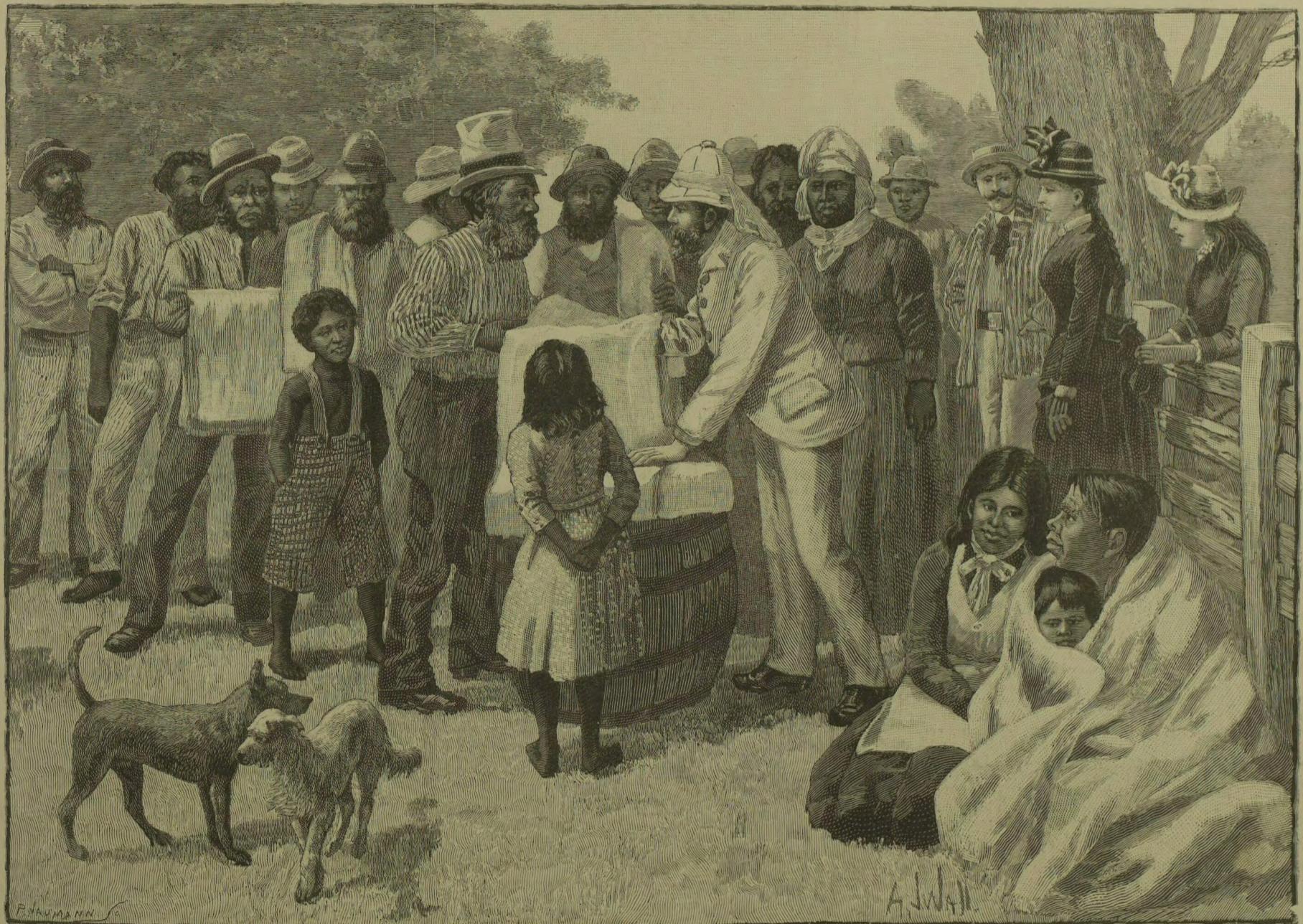
The German Emperor, for the first time since the death of his father, attended something in the nature of a public amusement on May 16. This was the Army Steeplechase at Charlottenburg, the chief event here in the racing year. When he returned from the races the Emperor received the Turkish Envoy, headed by Field-Marshall Ali Nizami Pasha, who had come to invest his German Majesty with the high and distinguished Order of the Imtiaz, and the Empress with the Shefakat, or Order of Mercy, both in diamonds. On the 18th, the Emperor left for Brunswick on a visit to the Prince Regent, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, returning next day. His Majesty was received with great enthusiasm.—On the 17th the Queen-Mother of Bavaria died at Hobenschwangau, in her sixty-fourth year. The daughter of Prince William of Prussia, son of Frederick William II., and a Princess of Hesse-Homburg, she was married in 1842 to the then Crown Prince of Bavaria, afterwards Maximilian II.—A scene occurred in the German Reichstag on the 18th during the debate on the Bill for the Insurance of the Aged and Needy. Prince Bismarck was complaining bitterly of the unrelenting opposition he had always experienced from the Liberal party, when he was interrupted by a cry of "Shame." He replied with extreme vehemence that he would not tolerate such insults.—Prince Bismarck gave a breakfast-party on the 20th to the Federal Council and some members of the Reichstag, about two hundred guests being present. Strictly political talk was avoided, but many pleasant topics for conversation were found.



1. A selection of six phases in the stroke of a bird's wing (cockatoo), illustrating independent action of the primary feathers. 2. A phase in the action of a dancing-girl. 3. A phase occurring in the gallop. 4. A phase of fast trotting. 5. A phase of a cat trotting. 6. A phase in the crawling of a child. 7. A phase in the motion of a sloth clinging to a pole. 8. Phase of the canter; almost identical with figure of Greek sculpture on the frieze of the Parthenon. 9. Phase of a child running. 10. Phase in the walk of a draught-horse. 11. Phase of leaping, as seen simultaneously from three points of view.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ETON COLLEGE: THE PROVOST READING PRAYERS IN THE NEW BUILDING.



DISTRIBUTING BLANKETS ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN AUSTRALIA.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

No one could have been more surprised than poor Mr. John Coleman last Saturday night when he heard his new melodrama scoffed at, and his honest sentiments treated with scorn. Allowing for the low estate into which the old Olympic Theatre has fallen, for the captious and irreverent spirit of a first-night audience, particularly at the close of a half-holiday, there was surely not much more to ridicule in "The Silent Witness" than in the thousand and one popular plays that have preceded it in the same line. Out of all its old-fashioned and well-worn ingredients they would only have one, and one alone, and that was the most old-fashioned of all—a country dance. The love of the honest artisan for the village rose; the bells and babble of a stage racecourse; the drugging of the virtuous Yorkshire lad with poisonous champagne by the raffish Major; the murder of the innocent manufacturer and the purloining of the "sanguineous" bank-notes; the arrest of the wrong man on a criminal charge; the respite and the arrival of the village rose in tears at the forbidding jail; the tyranny of the convict prison governor, and the oppressive virtue of the prison doctor; the *émeute* of the convicts, and the "escape from Portland"; the death of the miserable Major, the discovery of the blood-stained notes in an old volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the triumph of suspected virtue and the downfall of triumphant vice—bless me, they would have none of these things. It mattered not that the hero was an artisan and the villain a peer of the realm. Social considerations had nothing to do with it. But the truth is that the audience refused to regard anything in the play serious but the country dance.

The acting was certainly not to blame for what may, after all, only turn out a temporary fiasco. Young Mr. Frank Cooper, who made his reappearance in London after a long absence, is a very valuable recruit in the robust and manly line of melodramatic heroes. He is the legitimate successor of Mr. Henry Neville, and it would not surprise me to see him taking the lead at the Adelphi when Mr. Terriss is away in America and whilst Mr. Charles Warner is starring in Australia. Miss Rose Meller is a young and highly intelligent actress, of whom much more is likely to be heard presently. She has picked up the business of her art in a wonderfully short time, and already she has a fine, bold, declamatory style. And it is long since such an unanimous opinion was passed on a young comic actress, as in the case of Miss Stuart, who found favour with the whole audience, and has genuine ability; and Mr. F. M. Paget played remarkably well, as did Mr. Gerald Maxwell, both working bravely to quell the storm of persistent ridicule that is so hard to stop when once it has set in.

No; it was certainly not the acting in "A Silent Witness" that caused it to fail. Melodrama of that particular pattern, I am inclined to think, has had its day. Authors have been playing on the same string until it is fairly worn out. The same stale situations have been repeated *ad nauseam*, and by means of contemporary burlesque ridiculed to death. Comic opera and Gaiety plays alike combine to ridicule the extravagant formula of the writer of melodrama. He must discover something fresher than the innocent man accused of murder because he is in the presence of an accusing corpse, and it will not do at this late date to take up the parable of the late Charles Reade concerning the iniquity of our prison system. The reforms having come, let us leave the prisons alone. There is a story told of a popular singer who earned a reputation solely by singing the old dramatic ditty, "The Wolf." He sang it and sang it until he became old and grey in its service. At last one night the singer announced: "Ladies and Gentlemen! I have sung the 'Wolf' so often that I don't think a hair is left on the blessed animal! He is worn out!" And that is the case with sensation melodrama.

There is far more chance—as "Jim the Penman" and "Captain Swift" have proved—for plays of the order of "The Inheritance," by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, recently produced with no little success at a test matinée. Here we have a well-told story, not too extravagant or unnatural, and a well-balanced and cumulative interest. It is a story of a doctor of blameless character, and well in front of the world's esteem, who takes to poisoning his friends and relatives in order to become possessed of a property to which he is only remotely entitled. The tale is not too intricate, and the mind is constantly on the alert during the progress of what might be cited as a "celebrated case"; and if Mr. Raleigh could be persuaded to adopt a more nervous and dramatic style in telling his story it may be made even more successful than it was at the outset. Here, also, we have some very able acting from Mr. Royce Carleton, as the medical poisoner; from Miss Vane Featherston, as a distraught maiden who loses her lover, and is charged with crime; and from Mr. Rutland Barrington, who won great favour by his rendering of an argumentative Admiral who in most English plays would have been a lawyer—in most French dramas, a doctor. At several matinées, recently, Miss Adrienne Dairoles has distinguished herself; so it is not surprising to find that Mr. Beerbohm-Tree has offered this clever young lady an engagement at the Haymarket.

A play of quite a different pattern is "The Grandsire," recently produced by Mr. George Alexander before a distinguished literary audience at Terry's Theatre. This is a pretty version of "Le Flibustier" of Richépin, one of the minor French poets, who is fond of apostrophising the sea. Now, there is no one who loves the sea better than I do—no one who is a more sincere admirer of the poetry of the sea than I am. When I cannot get away, it is better than nothing to take down from the shelf Swinburne's "Triumph of Time." "I will go down to the great sweet mother! Mother and lover of men, the sea"—and revel in the poet's sea songs. Has he not described the "corner in the isle I love" matchlessly, in "A Midsummer Holiday," and written of the sea as no poet has done since Victor Hugo? I notice that some of my comrades insist that M. Richépin has got the "scent of the sea over the footlights" in this little play. I wish I could find that his translator has done the same. It is a charming story, no doubt, very delicate, very tender, very pure; but I do not think it was handled as it might have been at Terry's Theatre. In plays of this pattern we want to get at the heart of it. We require the flavour of fisher-life, the simplicity of the Breton peasant. We do not want the actors and actresses with all their modern manners and affectations peeping out from pretty costumes, dated 1800, in primitive provincial France. Unquestionably all did their best. There is no particular fault to be found with Mr. John Maclean, with Miss Calhoun, with Mr. F. Terry, or Mr. George Alexander. But they were one and all, to my thinking, deplorably modern. They were all themselves; and, surely, the highest art in the actor or actress is to become someone else, particularly in a play that has nothing whatever to do with modern society or the modern drawing-room. When one hears all round one such extravagant praise lavished on a fair but surely a commonplace performance, and when it is hinted that this acting is as good as could be found anywhere, it is only right to say that such laudation is mistaken kindness. The play is

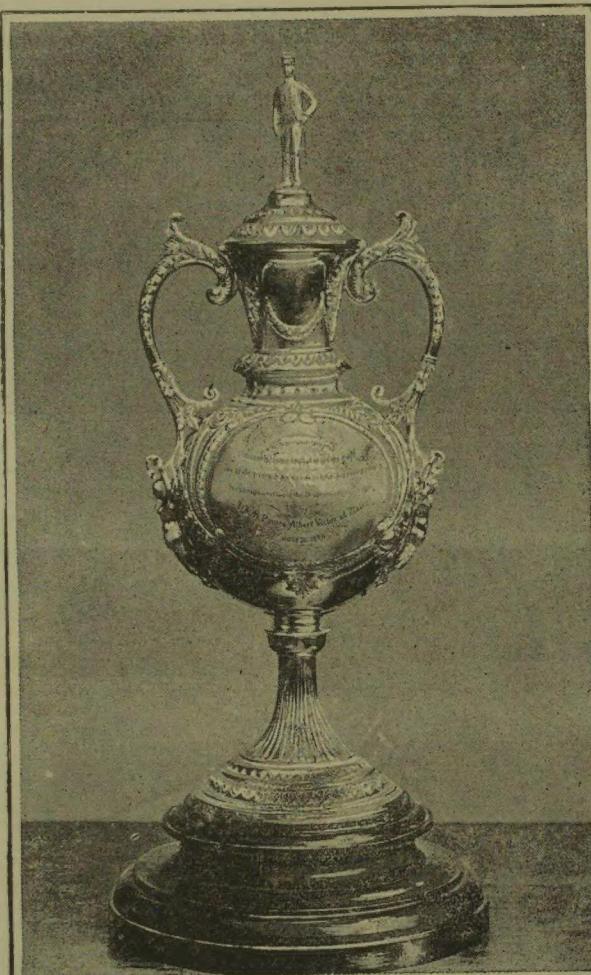
unquestionably a pretty one, but when poetry was almost imperative the result was nothing but prose. The scene in which the story was told, the humble cottage by the sea, was the only illusion I could discover in "The Grandsire." But then, perhaps, imagination is not a gift to be cultivated by the modern playgoer.

I doubt not that it is a very difficult task and a severe tax on the memory to learn the whole of Tennyson's "Elaine" by heart; but the mischief of it is that the industrious and amiable gentleman who has accomplished this feat thinks it necessary to stand on a stage and fire out nearly a couple of thousand lines of blank verse at an unoffending audience on a lovely warm May afternoon. Every intelligent man and woman in the community knows the "Idylls of the King," if not by heart at least by the understanding. We have all got the book. We can read it to ourselves, or to others if they are not bored. But surely, because the stage and the Church are no longer at war, there is no reason why our entertainments should be as dull as sermons. Mr. Sidney Woollett, an amiable enthusiast introduced from America by Mr. Charles Wyndham, has inflicted "Elaine" on a patient audience, who bore the pleasure bravely. He recited the poem without offence, but gave no new idea of it to anyone who had ever heard it before. Whether the public will appreciate such a recital is another matter. I should fear not. C. S.

BRISTOL BRIGADE, ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

A handsome silver vase, with cover, has been presented by Commander Betton Sayce, R.N., Royal Naval Volunteers, to the officers' mess of the Bristol Brigade, in honour of the visit of Prince Albert Victor of Wales to that city, in July last year, to distribute prizes and to be present at the unveiling of her Majesty's Jubilee statue on College-green.

The vase, of solid silver, stands 27 inches high, rising from a fluted and chased stand. The body, of globular form, is



SILVER GOBLET PRESENTED TO THE BRISTOL BRIGADE OF ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

richly chased with scrollwork, representing, on one side, the interior of a gun-turret on board of an ironclad, with gunners in their several occupations; on the other side bearing a suitable inscription. The scroll-shaped handles, supported at their base by mermaids, are tastefully designed; and the cover is an important feature of the work. It is surmounted by the figure of His Royal Highness in the costume of a midshipman of the Royal Navy, which is modelled with skill, and is an excellent likeness.

The design and execution of this work are very creditable to the Bristol Goldsmiths' Alliance, by whom the vase was manufactured.

The President and Council of the Royal Academy have purchased the picture of "Sheep-washing in Sussex," by J. Aumonier, for £300, out of the funds of the Chantry bequest.

The Duke of Devonshire has again placed his house in Piccadilly at the disposal of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework for their exhibition this year, which was held there on May 21 and following day.

The council of Somerville Hall have elected Miss Agnes Maitland to succeed Miss Shaw-Lefevre as principal of the hall. Miss Maitland has had wide experience in organising and carrying out various public movements connected with educational and philanthropic work in Liverpool and the North of England, and she is also a lady of considerable literary ability.

The final meeting of the Mansion House Committee of the China Famine Relief Fund was held on May 20 in the Venetian Parlour. The Lord Mayor presided. The secretary reported that £30,000 had been sent to the Shanghai Relief Committee for distribution in the distressed districts. That committee had telegraphed that they had closed their fund, because the urgent need for relief on a large scale had ceased. The prospects generally were improved, but in some districts the missionaries were still asking for help. They would gladly forward to the missionaries any sum that might be sent. The total subscriptions received at Shanghai were 314,400 taels. The Lord Mayor said the committee could see their way to close the fund. It was resolved to remit a further sum of £850 to the Shanghai committee, together with any balance which might remain at the closing of accounts.

THE QUEEN AT ETON COLLEGE.

On Saturday, May 18, her Majesty the Queen visited Eton College, and performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new School Buildings to be erected in Keate's-lane.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, and attended by a Lord and Lady in Waiting, two Maids of Honour, and two Esquires, drove from Windsor Castle, through the town. Her Majesty was received at Eton College, in the east cloister, by the Rev. Dr. Hornby, the Provost; the Rev. J. Wilder, Vice-Provost; the Rev. Dr. Warre, Head Master; and by members of the Governing Body, the Earl of Morley, and the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor; Sir W. R. Anson, Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford, and the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton College; and General Sir H. F. Ponsonby. The boys, Collegers and Oppidans, with Mr. Austen Leigh, the Lower Master, and the other masters of the school, were assembled to give hearty cheers for the Queen; and a guard of honour was formed of the Eton School Volunteers, commanded by Major Walter Durnford.

Her Majesty ascended a dais, carpeted and canopied, and adorned with gold fringe, opposite the memorial-stone, which was suspended in a corner of the quadrangle of the new building. The privileged spectators, among whom were the Earl of Coventry, Lady Ponsonby, Mrs. Hornby, and Mrs. Warre, and many other ladies and gentlemen, sat on the west side, and in the cloister. The Queen took her seat in an old chair used by King George III. more than a hundred years ago. A bouquet of flowers was presented to her by a little girl, Miss Joan Warre, daughter of the Head Master.

An address from the boys, King's Scholars and Oppidans jointly, which was signed for the former by Mr. J. E. Talbot, Captain of the School, and by the Hon. R. Coventry, Captain of the Oppidans, was presented to her Majesty by those two young gentlemen, who wore Court dress, and was read by Mr. Talbot. The Queen replied, expressing her pleasure in visiting the college, and wishing the scholars all success and prosperity in life; she felt sure they would always remember with pride the days passed at Eton.

The Rev. Dr. Hornby, the Provost, read an appropriate series of prayers. The architect, Mr. A. Blomfield, A.R.A., and the contractor, Mr. Thompson, of Peterborough, for the new school and chapel buildings, were presented to her Majesty. They assisted her in laying the stone, spreading mortar upon it with a silver trowel, and tapping it with a mallet. The Queen then declared it to be well and truly placed. A Latin inscription, recording the ceremony, will be engraved on the stone. The hymn, "Now thank we all our God," was sung by the boys and masters, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, accompanied by the band of the school Volunteers. This was followed by the school song, "Victoria, our Queen," and by a verse of the National Anthem.

Several persons connected with the college were presented to her Majesty, who afterwards walked through the east cloister, inspected one of the new class-rooms, sat in Queen Charlotte's chair, and examined the plans and drawings of the new school buildings, which include a museum, drawing-school, laboratory, lecture-hall, and eight class-rooms, and a chapel for the boys of the lower school.

Our Illustration is from a sketch by Mr. W. Sidney Evans, of Eton College.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN AUSTRALIA.
The annual celebration of her Majesty's birthday at Melbourne and Sydney is not less heartily welcomed by the loyal population of the Southern English colonies than in Great Britain and Ireland. The Province of Victoria never forgets that it is the namesake of the Royal lady whose gracious sovereignty extends to dominions in almost every degree of latitude and longitude on the globe. At the seat of Government and the residence of the Queen's representative, as in all places of high official authority throughout the British Empire, her birthday is an anniversary kept with due tokens of honour, with the hoisting of a standard and some military parade, and no doubt with appointed dinners. The distribution of charitable alms to the poor, of whom there are some always to be found, even in a land of plenty, is not forgotten on this occasion. If it takes the form of a gift of blankets on May 24, we must remember that the Australian winter, such as it is, will beat its lowest temperature in June and July, and a blanket in those months will be an acceptable article of comfort.

At the banquet presided over by the Duke of Cambridge on May 20, at the Hôtel Métropole, on behalf of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, subscriptions and donations were announced of £1500, including £20 from the chairman.

A floral fête in the most becoming site—the wholesale Flower Market at Covent-garden—was held on May 22. Equally appropriate is the charitable object—the Gardeners' Orphan Fund. Baroness Burdett-Coutts presided at the inauguration.

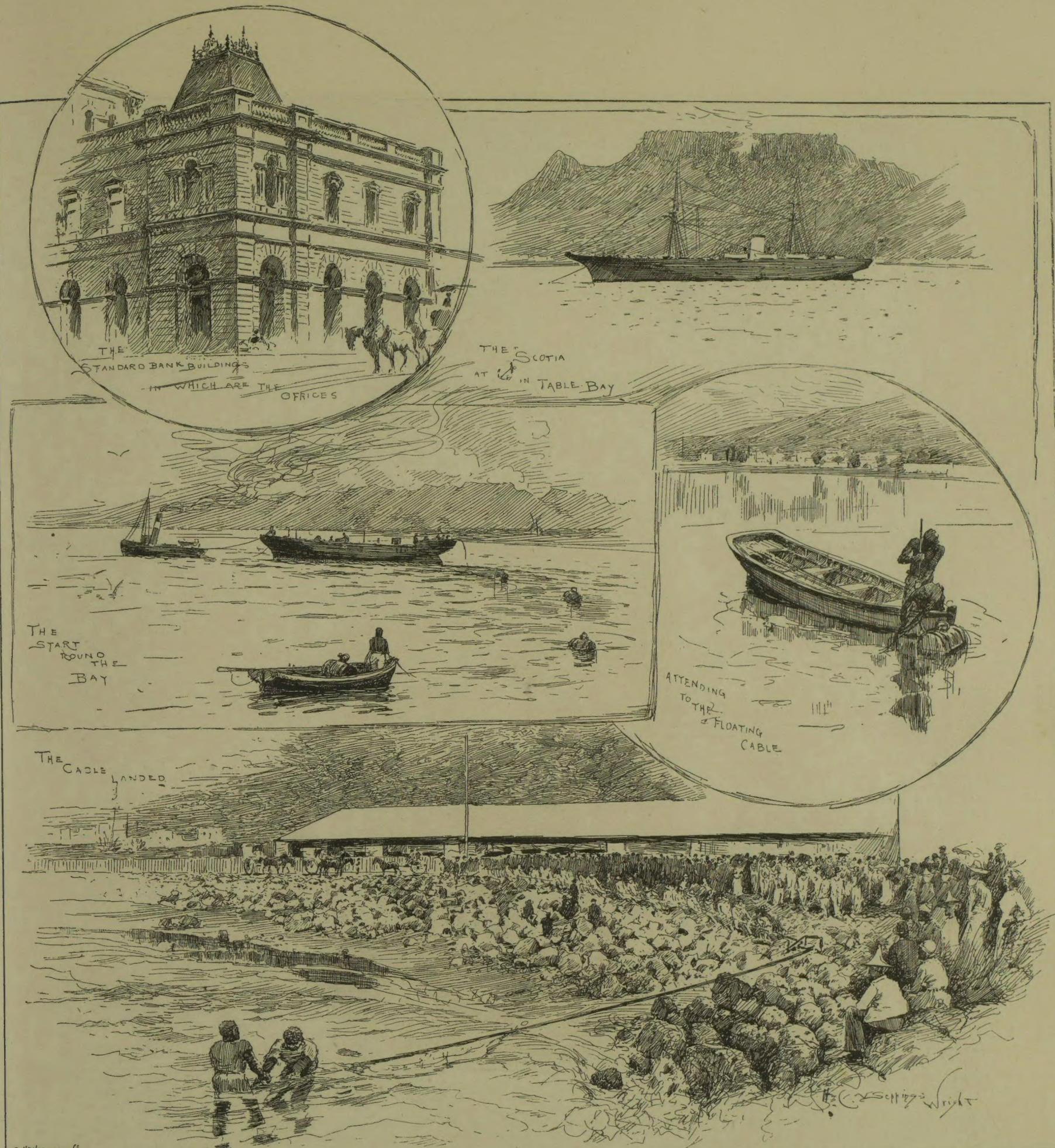
For the first time in the history of India a public lecture has been delivered in Bombay by a native lady. Doctor Miss Ratanbai Ardesir Malabarvala lectured in the Framjee Cowasjee Institute to a crowded audience, among whom were 200 native ladies. The lady received a very warm welcome.

A great horse show has been held at Olympia with new and interesting features. Prizes were given to the three smartest hansom cabs that entered for competition, and similar prizes were offered for tradesmen's carts. The jumping competitions were conducted at night by aid of the electric light.

Another addition has been made to the Royal Navy at Sheerness by the successful launch of the new first-class composite gun-vessel Goldfinch, which is estimated to cost about £49,000. The Goldfinch has a displacement of 805 tons, and will be armed with six 4-in. breechloaders and two quick-firing guns. Her machinery is of 1200-horse power, propelling her at thirteen knots per hour.

Earl Russell, of Broom Hall, Teddington, was summoned at the Hampton Petty Sessions on May 20, charged by the Thames Conservators with navigating his steam-launch Faustine without due care, and so as to cause damage to the banks of the river. It was alleged that the launch was running, on the evening of the University Boat-Race Day, past Hampton Wick at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The defendant denied that the speed at any point exceeded six miles an hour. The Bench inflicted a fine of twenty shillings.

Major Conder, R.E., D.C.L., read before a crowded meeting of the Victoria Institute, on May 20, a paper in which he described the language and customs of Palestine in the centuries before the time of the Hebrew invasion under Joshua. He pointed out that the materials for this work were authentic and conclusive but fragmentary, and might be divided into six classes, each of which he described, and pointed out how much light was thrown by these upon a hitherto-unopened chapter in the world's history. Communications were afterwards read from leading philologists, welcoming the valuable information gathered by Major Conder during his Eastern researches; considerable discussion ensued.



LAYING THE NEW WESTERN TELEGRAPH CABLE AT CAPE TOWN.

GREAT FIRES AT SURAT.

The large commercial town of Surat, a hundred and fifty miles north of Bombay, on the west coast of India, was visited from April 6 to April 9 by several fires, spreading to many different quarters, and destroying nearly five thousand houses, with property valued at a quarter of a million sterling. The quarters in which the chief havoc was effected were those of Kaskiwad, part of Delhi-gate-road, Parsi-seri, Navapura, Bundalwad, Ghachi-seri, Kangaiwad, Ruwala-tekda, Bhawani-wad, Sookaria-seri, Patwa - seri, Dabgarwad, Limrachowk, Allayaswadi, and Dhobi-seri. The cause is not known, but it is suspected to be the work of a gang of incendiaries.

The conflagration soon reached Burhanpuri Bhagul, the richest part of the city; and it is in the Bazaar here that the greatest damage has been sustained. This thoroughfare, in which the merchants in the city have their places of business, extends in a straight line to the hospital, a distance of more than a mile. The first building attacked here was at Limdichok, 400 yards from the Parunkh Dispensary; and, though the road is of considerable width, the flames reached the houses on the opposite side, the centre of the roadway being filled with fire. On the side originally attacked nearly all the shops to within a short distance of the Dispensary were levelled to the ground, and all along their rear, over eighty-five feet. On the opposite side, on which the Clock-Tower stands, the buildings for about 250 yards were completely gutted, while the fire played terrific havoc amongst the crowded habitations at the back. Fears were entertained as to the safety of the Clock-Tower and the Dispensary, but before they could be reached the fire had practically exhausted itself. The municipal authorities, the fire brigade, the police, and the official engineers of the Bombay Government, Mr. Palliser, Mr. Mawson, and Mr. Milne, exerted themselves to stop the fires; but there was a deficiency of water. It does not appear

that many lives were lost, but fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless, and the distress is great.

Our Illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Bristed, of Bombay, which have been sent us through his brother, Mr. John Bristed, chemist, of Margate. Surat is the oldest European settlement in India, having been captured by the Portuguese in 1531; the English factory here was established in 1612, but its importance declined after 1692, when the Presidency was transferred to Bombay, and it fell under Mahratta rule till the end of the last century. Its chief trade is the export of cotton.

The Special Commission was resumed on May 21, the chief feature of the proceedings being the evidence of Mr. William O'Brien, who explained his reasons for supporting the "Plan of Campaign," and stated that the Land League and its supporters had always endeavoured to prevent crime. His examination-in-chief had not concluded when the Court rose.

The first building intended for "Ladies' Residential Chambers," and erected by a limited liability company, has been opened in Chenes-street, Gower-street. These chambers include twenty-two suites of rooms, and are intended for the use of educated women of limited means now living in London and earning their own livelihood.

"The Flags of All Nations," with those of every State in the American Union, and those displaying the arms of many famous cities in Europe and America, with views of their principal buildings, are beautifully represented in two series of coloured prints, illuminated with gold and silver, which Messrs. Allen and Ginter, tobacco-manufacturers, of Richmond, Virginia, have recently issued. These are produced by Messrs. George S. Harris and Sons, lithographers, of Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago, and deserve notice as fine specimens of the art.

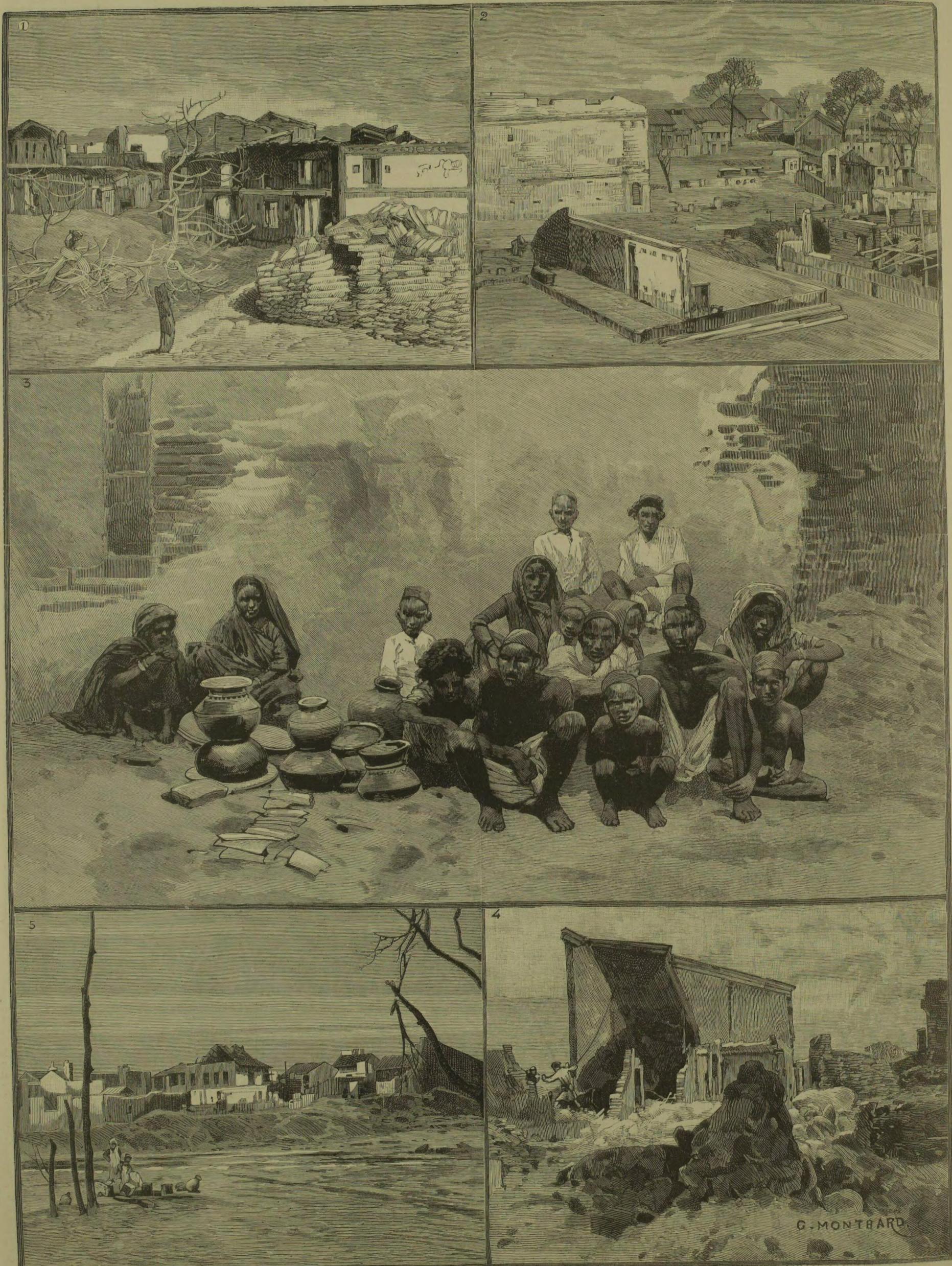
THE CAPE COLONY WESTERN CABLE.

The telegraph-steamer Scotia arrived at Capetown on April 1 for the purpose of laying the Western Cable from that port to Mossamedes. The trench for laying the land line had already been dug from the cable-house at the jetty to the offices of the Western Company, in the Standard Bank buildings. The laying of the land line was commenced early in the morning of the 2nd, and preparations were made for laying the submarine portion. This work was commenced on the morning of the 4th. It was found necessary to take the cable round the bay so as to avoid crossing the anchorage, and the tug Tiger, with a hulk, was chartered for the purpose. The hulk was brought as near the shore as practicable, and the cable was floated in, being hauled from shore. One of our Illustrations was taken at the moment of landing. When the end was secured the tug took the hulk in tow, and the cable was laid round the bay, to be thence continued by the Scotia, which proceeded to Port Nolloth.

The advantage to the colony of having a direct line to England will be very great; but its importance is more apparent when we consider the additional means of communication with the eastern portions of the empire—Australia and New Zealand.

Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. B. A. Lewis, of Capetown.

A disastrous collision occurred in the Channel during the heavy fog which prevailed on May 20, from which two steamers foundered, and several lives have been lost. The steamers were the German Emperor, with a crew of sixteen and six passengers, and the steamer Beresford, from West Hartlepool, bound from Middlesbrough to Bombay, with a crew of twenty-two. The collision occurred southward of the East Goodwin, during a dense fog.



1. Ruins of small temple, in city.

2. Scene of second fire, two miles from the first.

3. A burnt-out family, with cooking-pots.

5. Scene in the city after the fire.

4. Pulling down walls of a falling house.



"MY OLD REGIMENT!"

PICTURE BY W. B. WOLLEN, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

Gallery VIII. shows no symptoms of any failure in the supply of interesting works. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love" (760) which dominates the room, just falls short of being an Academic success. All credit is due to the artist who is not afraid of painting on this scale, and thereby running the gauntlet of criticism on the correctness of his drawing. It would be a hopeful day for English art were the example set by Mr. Solomon more generally followed, but very few would, we think, emerge from the test so successfully. Mr. Solomon, whatever may be his other shortcomings, is a consummate draughtsman, and he understands the anatomy of the human figure as few of his peers. The very title, however, of his present work is dangerous, for it is certain to recall to mind another "Sacred and Profane Love" which visitors to Rome know so well. The contrast, too, of "the lilies and languors of virtue" with "the roses and raptures of vice" has been done too often to make the subject one of startling interest; and in the present case the ethical arrangements of the lots of the several actors opens the door to much criticism. It might, for instance, be asked why the man who has found the delights of domestic happiness should seem to be casting a regretful look upon the mad delights of the other realm of love; and why the lady who acts the chief part in its parable should view with apparent indifference the catastrophe which awaits the partner of her revels. Artistically, too, the position of the wretched man slipping over the precipice is a mistake, as endeavouring to represent a merely momentary phase, whilst there is about the attitude and expression of those in safety too much of the "Suave mari magno" feeling. The colossal figure of the angel with extended wings who occupies the background is cold in colour, without any apparent reason beyond picturesque effect.

Mr. Edward E. Simmons has also taken an old subject, but has treated it almost with novelty. "The Carpenter's Son" (740) has paused in his work, and is seated on the sawing-bench among the shavings and other workshop litter. Through the chinks in the rafters a few rays of sunlight have penetrated, and play like a glory around his head. There is nothing especially noble or awe-inspiring in the face or attitude of the boy; nothing reverential in the aspect of his parents, who are at work at the farther end of the shop. The treatment of the story is altogether modern and realistic; the figure of the son thoroughly European; and all the accessories such as might be seen any time in a carpenter's workshop of the present day. How far Mr. Simmons's work will be appreciated for didactic purposes we shall be curious to see; we trust that Mr. Barnett will endeavour to procure the loan of it for his next exhibition at Whitechapel, and will communicate the impressions to which its visitors give vent. Mr. T. B. Kennington always paints with a broad brush, and not unfrequently hits the pathetic side of London life and the London poor; but the flower-seller and her children have been somewhat overdone of late, and "The Pinch of Poverty" (734) almost reflects upon the painter's imagination, seeing that he has had recourse to the usual hackneyed accessories—the well-dressed lady with an umbrella, the cab within call of the rich pedestrian and the like, to point his moral—although they do not altogether adorn his tale. Mr. Charles C. Seton seems to us to touch a truer note of pathos in his single figure, in last-century costume, seated at his writing-table, from the drawer of which he has drawn "Only a relic dimm'd with tears" (773). The drawing is simple and effective, and the idea so complete in itself that this little picture deserves to stand high amongst the *genre* work of the year. Mr. George W. Joy's "Wellington at Angers" (791) as a schoolboy, and Mr. Robert Hillingford's "After Waterloo" (803), the English troops resting on the conquered ground, belong rather to anecdotal than to historical painting; whilst Mr. William H. Bartlett's spirited "Venetian Faction Regatta" (733), in which the rush of the gondolas is excellent, and Mr. Frank Bourdillon's episode from "Westward Ho!" on Bideford Sands (745), almost raise fiction to the level of history. In the latter the figures of the men about to fight stand out strong and sharp against the low sky-line, whilst the intruding Richard Grenville is rushing between them with eager determination, although his look seems to be directed towards the spectators rather than to Mr. Richard Carey.

Many of the landscapes, also, in this room are of more than average excellence. Mr. Edwin Nichol's "End of the Day" (727) is full of air, though rather cold; but the treatment of the little cloud overhanging the scene is admirable. Mr. Charles J. Fox has made an excellent piece of work out of the "Firs on Hampstead Heath" (738), of which the drawing is very good; and the adjoining picture, Mr. Yeend King's "From Green to Gold" (739), is a fair specimen of his rich colouring and rapidly maturing style. Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Harbour Bar" (756), although a trifle monotonous in colour, and perilously skirting the rocks of the Newlyn school, is a finely-conceived study of a muddy estuary, stagnant water, and murky clouds. As an impression of what such a scene produces, it is worthy of great praise; but as a finished picture it lacks many important conditions. Mr. Robert Macbeth seems to have gone to pieces entirely this year, for there is not even strength or reality in "The Miller's Daughter" (763), washing her ill-drawn feet in the stream. Mr. Matthew Corbett's "Golden Afternoon" (774) is, if we mistake not, a pleasant reminiscence of the Bocca d'Arno, whence the blue Carrara mountains, as seen in the distance, add to the scene a beauty which the painter has caught with true sympathy. Mr. J. Aumonier's "Sheep-Washing in Sussex" (802) is a remarkably good study of English scenery as seen through the eyes of a true artist, who is not always so successful as on the present occasion.

Gallery IX. is, as usual, devoted to cabinet pictures, of which there are nearly three hundred, of all sorts and sizes. It affords a happy hunting-ground for the prudent Mæcenas who is anxious to become a patron of art on easy terms. The fact that the pictures are hung by the Royal Academy is to the minds of many a sufficient guarantee of their technical ability, whilst the choice of subject being a matter of taste, the purchaser is always buoyed up by the hope that he may be obtaining at a moderate price the first-fruits of some future Academician. It is impossible to do more than mention the names of a few of the works which seem most deserving of notice. Of such are Mr. Kirchmayr's "Il Crabattino" (812), a Venetian cobbler; Mr. C. H. H. Macartney's "View of the Campagna" (817) and "Iford Bridge" (1028), both bearing the mark of studies made on the spot; Mr. Isaac Cullin's "Idyll" (850), an excellent bit of figure-drawing; Mr. G. O. Reid's "Tiff in the Council" (919), in which the light across the ceiling and along the walls is most successful; Mr. Maurice Pollock's "Sunny Ditch" (922), a New Forest patch, full of light and sun; Mr. E. Langstaffe's "Wagner's Wells" (960), a specimen of honest work throughout; Mr. Hugh Wilkinson's "New Forest Road" (1048), very luminous and delicate; and Mr. Blair Leighton's luminous and well-drawn study, "None so deaf as those who won't hear" (1063).

Some of the "upper ten" of the world of art are also

represented in this room; as, for instance, the President, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Woods, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and others.

Gallery X. shows how difficult it is to sustain to the end the promises of the earlier rooms. Hospitality has, however, been for the first time extended at Burlington House to Mr. Arthur Hacker, whose "Return of Persephone to Earth" (1102) is a spirited and well-composed work, more French than English in aim and execution. Mr. Hacker, too, follows the latest French authorities in representing Persephone with fair hair, notwithstanding the old tradition and the poet's lines. Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler has also studied in Paris, if we may judge by his "Encore" (1132), a scene at a singing concert of which the audience turn their backs to the spectator, after the manner of Mr. Walter Sickert's models. The surprising thing in Mr. Tayler's picture is that the lamps hanging from the ceiling diffuse no light at all. On the other hand, Mr. Yates Carrington is thoroughly English in his "Strolling Players awaiting an Audience" (1171), a humorous assemblage of dogs of all sorts and no breed lying about in various attitudes round "the properties" of an itinerant showman. This brilliant vindication of the "masses" against the special claims of class dogs which have been put forward with so much persistence by the artist deserves recognition from all who can sympathise with the life of a mongrel. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Over the Nuts and Wine" (1081) is a variation of a theme he has already touched upon skillfully, and the present work shows no falling-off in his powers.

Of the landscapes in this room, the most noteworthy are Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie's "Waiting for the Flow" (1091); Mr. Niels Lund's "Wild Music of the Glen" (1112), a fine rendering of foaming water beneath the firs; Mr. M. Corbett's grey study of the Tuscan Coast (1154); Miss Maud R. Jones's "March Winds" (1153), a more than average good work; and Lord Carlisle's "Alban Hills" (1151).

The portraits, however, are the chief features of interest, and amongst them Mr. W. H. Margetson's Miss R. (1129) stands out in marked pre-eminence. There is almost an element of grandeur in the dignified pose of the lady in a black dress against a grey fur cloak thrown over the chair on which she is seated. The colour throughout is harmonious and rich, whilst the general character of the work places it amongst the most successful ladies' portraits of the year. Mr. J. J. Shannon also shows to advantage in his portrait of Miss Colley (1144), in which the lighter and more delicate phase of the painter's style is brought into evidence. Mr. Arthur S. Cope has been more successful in catching the character of an M.F.H. in the shape of Mr. C. E. J. Esdaile (1165), who looks well and squire-like in scarlet with a covert-coat over, than he has in his attempt to give the members of the Reform Club a worthy portrait of the Liberal Unionist leader, Lord Hartington (772), who lacks that most important qualification of a statesman, backbone. Neither of Mr. Cope's portraits, however, can for a moment compare with his child-study with a kitten, entitled "Playmates" (1098), which is a real gem of grace and colour in its way.

We may also mention in this room Miss Bywater's portrait of Mrs. Spilsbury (1086), Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "New Year's Day" (1121), M. Emile Wauters' "Seamew's Nest" (1128), and Miss Dorothy Tennant's "Load of Care" (1114).

Gallery XI. contains some large canvases, but they need not detain us long, the only very important work being Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's portrait of Sir John Simon (1239) in his scarlet robes of a Sergeant-at-law. In the management of the brilliant tones the painter has shown greater resource and judgment than in his larger picture already referred to; and in the broad lines of the face, which is turned full to the spectator, he has managed without exaggeration or caricature to convey something of the power and look of an Egyptian Sphinx. It is, perhaps, only by accident that on the opposite wall is Mr. Ernest Normand's large picture of "The Death of the First-born" (1210), of which the affected colour may predispose the public against a work which contains much excellent composition and draughtsmanship. Mr. Laslett Pott chooses for subject this year the current fiction of Maria Theresa, "Moriamur pro rege nostro" (1263), which, as is now admitted, never was and never could have been uttered under these or any other circumstances. The story, however, gives a good opportunity for the introduction of many figures in gay costumes and heroic attitudes, of which the artist has amply taken advantage. Mr. Dendy Sadler's humorous rendering of "The Widow's Birthday" (1228), which has called forth the generosity of three rivals, is painted with more than his ordinary *finesse*, and justifies the belief that his talents are not as circumscribed as was once supposed. Mr. Fred. Morgan's "Watching and Waiting" (1190), a study of child-life in humble circumstances, is almost pathetic, and is in pleasant contrast with the cottage idylls of Mr. Faed. Another work which also deserves careful attention is Mr. Wm. H. Y. Titcomb's "Primitive Methodists" (1197), which displays more than ordinary skill and even power; and we should also mention Mr. Claude Calthrop's "Bad News" (1256), Mr. Percy Craft's "Heva! Heva!" (1213), Mr. Emslie's portrait of Rev. James Martineau (1227)—although we cannot regard it as a success—Miss Clara Montalba's "Thames Barge" (1237), and Mr. Napier Hemy's "Three Fishers" (1257).

The water-colours of the year are quite up to if not above the average of past years; but it scarcely enters into our scope to more than refer to a few which stand out in some prominence. The Royal Academy giving no official sanction or encouragement to this branch of art, it is scarcely logical to occupy space with the display of such works. This year, however, if we are not mistaken, the council was urged to take the unprecedented step of purchasing a water-colour drawing out of the funds of the Chantrey Bequest; but whether this revolutionary proposal was adopted we have not learned. If the Royal Academy brought forward water-colour artists whose works are not to be seen elsewhere, there would be some reason for the maintenance of this display, but this is not so. The result is that we have to commend here as elsewhere the works of those who are past-masters of their craft, Mr. Ayerst Ingram, Mr. Charles Maundrell, Mr. Bryan Whitmore, Mr. Jackson Curnock, Mr. Charles Mottram, M. Jules Lessore, and amongst the ladies Miss Drew, Miss Hayllar, Miss Naftel, and others.

Miniature-painting, thanks to the impetus given by the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, or to other causes, seems to be making a fresh start: more than a hundred specimens of this work are exhibited, many of them of considerable merit. The chief artists in this branch are Mr. Robert Henderson, Mr. Edward Taylor, Mr. Ernest Rinzi, Mr. Charles Turrell, Miss Marie Carin, and Lord Bennet, all of whom contribute several specimens of their skill.

The Black-and-White Room, of which so much was anticipated when first opened, continues to disappoint the hopes of those who looked for something more than a showroom of goods offered for sale by the various art publishers. It is doubtless very useful for visitors from the country to have brought together the principal art-publications of the year in order to make their selections, but it is a proceeding which will scarcely advance the art of drawing.

Of sculpture, the display this year is not equal in point of either numbers or merit to the level of former years. One work of superior excellence, Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Arcadian Shepherd" (2187), has already been referred to. It represents a real, not an ideal Greek peasant gaily lounging down the hills, free in thought and movement and graceful as a god. Mr. Onslow Ford's little bronze statuette entitled "The Singer" (2195) is full of grace and exquisite finish of detail; Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's similar treatment of "Teucer" (2056) has both dignity and finish; and Mr. H. Bates has a clever group of "Hounds in Leash" (2192), in which the action of the keeper is finely marked. In addition to these we have a number of conventional busts and full-length figures, none of which call for special notice, and in the designing or modelling of which Mr. Boehm, Mr. Woolner, Mr. Nelson MacLean, Mr. George Simmonds, and Mr. Charles Birch show the greatest proficiency.

Here we bring our review of the exhibition at Burlington House to a close, and in so doing find occasion to repeat our first impressions, that the year which redounds greatly to the credit of the "outsiders," will doubtless mark the starting point in public favour of many young men whose work hitherto has passed unperceived, and who have not before found the opportunity of appealing to public opinion.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S AND MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR'S LAST WORKS.

At Mr. L. H. Lefevre's Gallery (1, King-street, St. James's) there are now to be seen two pictures absolutely opposed in style and aim, yet representing the limits of their respective schools. One is Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Dedication to Bacchus," the other Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur's "Highland Cattle." The latter work is as simple as the former is elaborate. Yet it is difficult to believe that this very simplicity has been obtained without infinite pains. Possibly, it might be found that the artist whose canvas is crowded with carefully-designed figures has not devoted more time to his work than the one who has been content with the single group of cattle. Both, however, have brought thorough conscientiousness to bear upon their work, and the result is that each has produced a work which will live.

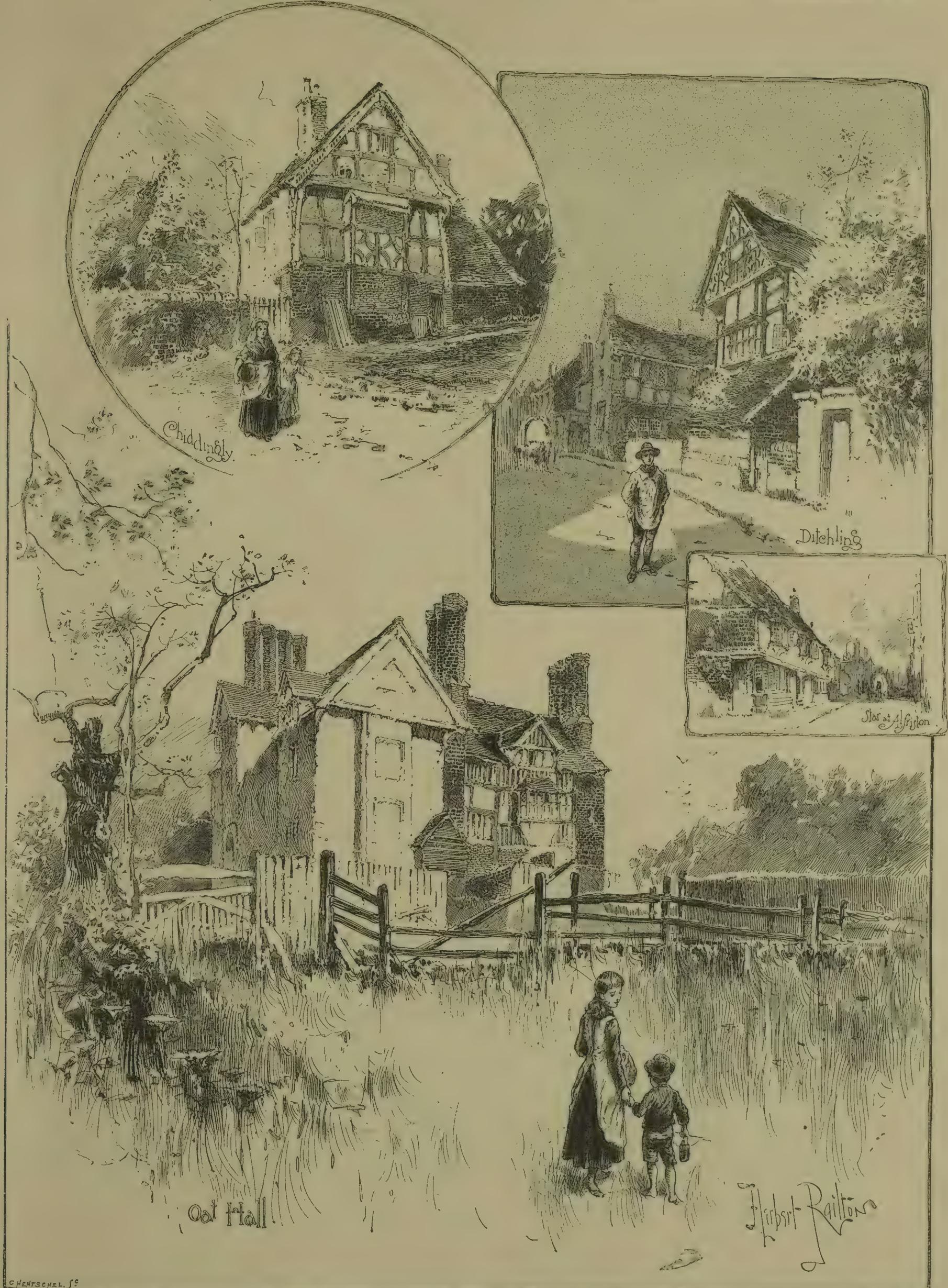
To begin with Mdlle. Bonheur's latest achievement, which, in comparison with many of her previous works, is small and compact. It represents a few shaggy, long-horned "kylies" on a little knoll of rich grass, one lying down and the others standing round in various attitudes. The solidity of each animal, the air which one seems to feel between each member of the group, the texture of their hairy hides, are marvellously rendered; whilst into each animal's face there is infused a look of dreamy happiness and softness which so often marks the Highland cattle. The mountain scenery, if not essentially Scotch, is full of colour and quality, setting off the cattle with admirable effect, but not distracting attention from them. It is now close upon five-and-thirty years since Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" first took the English public by storm; and whilst we are ready to acknowledge the merits of that excellent work, and are proud of its possession, we doubt if for finish and beauty it can be compared to this simpler composition of the artist's maturer years.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's work is, as we have already said, the most complete contrast to Mdlle. Bonheur's—as great a contrast as Paul Potter is to Peter De Hooghe. It forms part of the series of Pagan festivals which for many years have attracted Mr. Alma-Tadema, and it must be admitted that in "The Spring Festival," the "Feast of Ceres," and "The Vintage Festival," the earliest of the series, the artist has carried to the highest artistic point his knowledge and appreciation of Roman life in the times of the Caesars. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Alma-Tadema took to this style of painting, and each year he has achieved some fresh success, establishing more and more his undisputed leadership. The present picture is quite the most perfect—and, in some respects, the most original—of his "Festival" pictures. The "Pyrrhic dance" has given place to the stately procession composed of well-grown men and lovely maidens, the central figure being a little child about to be handed over to the priestess and her attendants, who are grouped round the altar of Dionysus. At the other end of the canvas is a procession headed by two beautiful girls, behind whom are the timbrel-bearers, the four bearers of the votive wine-skin, the torch-bearers, and others, each figure a separate study, but blended into an harmonious group. Flowers, fruit, panthers' skins, candelabra, and such-like accessories are introduced with that profusion of detail and minuteness of finish in which Mr. Alma-Tadema rejoices. In depicting these and the varied tones of marble we know his unrivalled skill, and are, in a measure, prepared for the general effect; but it is in the arrangement of his two principal groups and in the effect of the bright sunlight falling across the marble terrace and irradiating by its reflection the whole scene that the "Dedication to Bacchus" will, we think, take rank among the very greatest of the artist's works. With the profound archaeological learning displayed in the arrangement of the procession we have nothing to do; it is Mr. Alma-Tadema's hobby, and, if he rides it too hard at times, we are not disposed to discuss the matter in face of such a splendid result, and we turn with pleasure to the contemplation of the "dark blue sky vaulted o'er the deep blue sea," which forms the horizon of his picture. On occasions we have expressed our hesitation as to the "values" of Mr. Alma-Tadema's horizons, regarding the colours not only as fantastic, but out of keeping with the realism of his temples and marble terraces; but in the present picture a slight atmosphere, rarely introduced into his work, reduces the tones of the sky, and at the same time heightens those of the sea, imparting a wonderfully beautiful, if not absolutely truthful, pictorial effect.

As a guide and interpreter of the artist's aim and work, Mr. F. G. Stephens comes forward with a short and lucid treatise on the "Worship of Bacchus"; and adds thereto an interesting sketch of Mr. Alma-Tadema's career as an artist and archaeologist.

The Corporation of the Trinity House have forwarded £21 to the Lord Mayor for the fund now being raised to present a testimonial to Captain Murrell and the crew of the Missouri.

The directors of the Royal Agricultural Hall Company, with the view of encouraging the breeding of the best class of hunters, hacks, and harness horses, have increased the amount of their prize-list to nearly £1300; and there is no doubt that the June Horse Show at Islington will comprise the very best of equine stock. The directors are fortunate in having secured such able judges as the Hon. Henry Bourke, Captain W. G. Middleton, and Mr. T. H. Hutchinson for the hunters; and Sir George Wombwell, the Hon. Arthur Cole, and Mr. C. W. Wilson for the hacks and harness horses. Exhibitors will have every confidence in Mr. Robert Leeds, Mr. Walter Gilbey, Mr. Charles Dorman, and Mr. Garrett Taylor as the committee of management; and we are assured that the show, which opens on June 8, will be an unprecedented success.



RAMBLING SKETCHES IN SUSSEX.

The Weald of Sussex, east of the Brighton Railway, extends between the Ashdown Forest Ridge of hills, with those of Crowborough, Frant, and Ticehurst, on the north side, and the South Downs in the neighbourhood of Lewes. These assume bold and imposing forms on the left bank of the river Ouse, and stretch beyond Firle Beacon to the Cuckmere, at Alfriston, and thence to Beachy Head. This tract of country, from the pleasant village of Lindfield, near the Haywards Heath railway station, down the valley of the Ouse, and farther on within sight of the grand range of chalk hills that shuts it in from the sea, preserves a character of seclusion and old-fashioned rusticity not without its charm for the rambling Londoner. Lewes is an interesting old town, with its ancient Castle, the Norman

ruins of the Priory, and the tombs of William the Conqueror's daughter and her husband, William De Warrenne, in Southover Church. On the hill, called to this day Mount Harry, King Henry III. was defeated by the Barons. There is a fine view from the summit of Mount Caburn, on the opposite side. Stately old manor-houses, quaint granges, and country inns, are found in this region, which our Artist has visited on a sketching errand. Ditchling, some distance to the west, near the Hassock's Gate railway station, glories in its Beacon Hill, rising to a height of 858 ft. In the vicinity of Lewes, below Firle Beacon, which is 820 ft. high, is the mansion of Lord Gage; near this is Glynde Place, the seat of Lord Hampden, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons. At

Uckfield, eight or ten miles northward, one is in the heart of the Weald, surrounded by fair wooded parks, with sandstone crags of picturesque aspect here and there. Buxted, Horsted, Framfield, and Maresfield, also Fletching and Sheffield Park, on the road to Horsted Keynes, adorn this rural district. Between Uckfield and Hailsham, in the centre of the great hollow, once the mighty forest of Anderida, the scene of fierce British, Roman, and Saxon battles, lies the village of East Hoathly, with its neighbour Chiddingly, formerly the residence of eminent statesmen, and of judges learned in the law. Chiddingly Church, a fine old Gothic edifice, contains the monument of Sir John Jefferay, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Elizabeth's reign.

AT THE BACK OF BEN LOMOND.

How one enjoys breakfast at a Highland hostelrie, especially if there has been time before it for a turn in the sunshine outside and a breath of the strong mountain air! Trout from the loch, fried ham and eggs, thick white scones, and fragrant coffee—all are attacked and dispatched with the zest of health and hearty appetite. It is early yet—half-past six; but the party of anglers who came to the inn overnight are astir already, and busy amid a running fire of light-hearted banter, seeing after rods and reels, and the due provisioning of their fishing-baskets. The day looks a little too bright and sunny for their sport; but it could not be better for a mountain tramp. So, as sixteen Highland miles lie between this and luncheon, settle the bill, tip the waiter, and let us begone.

The blue peat-smoke is curling up from the roof of the mossy "biggin'" on the brown hillside yonder, and the clachan below has been stirring for some time. Alas! it is no longer the Highland hamlet as seen by Mr. Francis Osbaldeston on that famous expedition of his, this clachan of Aberfoil. The railway has reached it, feus have been granted, and the suburban villa is beginning to appear. Even the snug, old-fashioned angling hostelrie has been metamorphosed into a modern "hotel," and nothing is left to keep awake the ancient associations of the spot except, hanging yet below the tree opposite the inn door, the (apparently) red-hot plough-coulter with which Baillie Nicol Jarvie burnt the hole in his Highland antagonist's plaid. But the dry, sunny road running westward to Loch Ard leaves all this very soon behind, and presently will ascend, an unfrequented track, amid the lonely recesses of the mountains.

Happy were the Highland clansmen of old days in the place of their home, at least. The whole air here is full of music—the blue loch lisping its sweet love-murmurs on the narrow beach at hand, while from the sky overhead uncounted meadow-larks pour a jewelled rain of song, and upon the mountain side far up are heard the multitudinous bleatings of the lambs. The atmosphere, too, exhilarating as champagne, makes the eyes sparkle again, and fills the heart with joyous holiday. A delightful day the merry anglers will have on the little loch here between the mountains, whether they fill their baskets or not—with the sunny waters laughing round their shallow, and the cares of life far off, shut out by the great brown hills. A good thing it is for jaded men of affairs to escape sometimes from the sordid routine of too-real existence, to get back for a while among the poetry of primeval things, and to let the bracing air of the mountains blow fresh again through the long-closed chambers of the heart. Good luck and a good day, then, to these disciples of Christopher North!

In front, above the pass, the great ben bars the blue avenue of heaven with silver; for summer comes late to that lofty summit. And, indeed, even here the clear runnels of water sparkling down the mountain side are cold with snows only now melting in the lower corries. The sunshine, however, is warm enough in the pass, and the wild birch-trees veiling the brown hillsides like a purple mist are already touched with a living green. Before long, when the first tiny-sprinkled leafage breaks upon them, these slender birches—the ladies of the mountain woods—will be at their loveliest, each tree a silver-stemmed spray of maiden-hair; and, where in numbers they overhang road and corrie, their drooping branches will seem pendent with a wonderful green rain.

A flying vault over the sheep-gate barring the road, and the open moor is reached. The last farmhouse lies far behind, and goodbye is soon said to the last evidence of agricultural life, in the shape of the deep-chested plough-horses coming over the breast of the low hill on the right, against the sky. In front, lies the country of the Macgregor, wild and lonely as when the Macgregor held it. The flapping of the peacock's wing is left behind in the meadows about Loch Ard and Loch Chon, and the rarer air of the mountain is musical only with the foaming rush of the river over its rocky bed at hand, and, more and more frequent as the road ascends, the curlew's lonely cry. A brown bee drones past with heavy flight, on its way laden with materials for the nest it is building somewhere among the heather. First one tiny heath-pipit and then another fit silently from a yellow-grass tuft by the roadside, betraying there the summer secret of their little hearts. And whirr!—a rush of sudden wings, and a brace of grouse sweep off with outstretched necks. High up in the clear air a hawk is circling the mountain with long sallies. The only reminders of human life are the far-off bark of a shepherd's dog out of sight upon the mountain face, and the faint chip-chipping of the stone-breaker's hammer behind, below the wood, where the road has been swept bare by the spring torrent. Sound travels far in this fine air.

But suddenly a shadow comes across the splendour of the hours. A cloud obscures the sun; a cold blast of wind rushes down the pass—a wehr-wolf that has slipped his chain; and then a shower of—yes, hail, rattles out of the sky. Sharp as a running fire of musketry, and nearly as efficient, the only resource is to turn one's back to the fusilade. The shaggy Highland cattle yonder know this well enough, and stand end-on, with heads well down, till the storm blows past. But it ceases as suddenly as it began—the hail stops, the sun blazes out again, and the shower can be seen behind, glittering in rainbows as it sweeps down the valley. Quickly enough the icy pellets strewn everywhere melt in the sunshine, and the road is left white and dry as before. A storm like that may be met at any time, even in summer, at this height among the hills; and one comes to understand by such an experience how the snow still lies white upon the bens when the most delicate flowers have long been blooming in the valleys. The freshly-augmented pools by the roadside here are full of a clear, jelly-like substance, which the superstitions of a couple of centuries ago would probably have supposed had descended thither in the storm. It is nothing more than frog-spawn, however; and the myriads of little black specks of which it is full will, in course of a week or two, become well-developed and lively tadpoles—food for the moorland birds, most of them.

And here are the cross-roads, and there, on the right, look!—deep down among the feet of the hills can be seen a bit of Loch Katrine, blue as a sapphire. Just out of sight, there, lies Glengyle, the ancient burial-place of the chiefs of Macgregor. Thither, only two years ago, amid the snows of winter, a sad cortége sailed across the loch, and laid among his kindred dust one other soldier-member of that strangely-fated race.

But to the left lies the road of this morning—down past dark Loch Arklet, its white teeth, which leap and gnash wildly against the steep mountain wall in winter, just whetting themselves gently to-day round the few rocky, birch-covered islets that rise from its surface. Then the road plunges down—down, in break-neck windings like the steps of a staircase, the stream from Loch Arklet keeping it company in leaps from rock to rock. And presently behold, opening out below, the blue serene of Loch Lomond, the "Queen of Scottish Lakes"; while up through the narrows and across the lake's bosom the little steamer we were pledged to meet is making its way with a white following trail of foam.

G. E.-T.

CLEOPATRA:

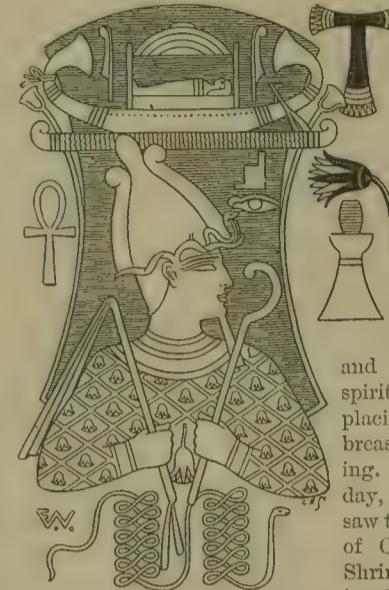
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE LIFE OF HIM WHO WAS NAMED THE LEARNED OLYMPUS, IN THE TOMB OF THE HARPERS THAT IS BY TAPÉ; OF HIS COUNSEL TO CLEOPATRA; OF THE MESSAGE OF CHARMION; AND OF THE PASSING OF OLYMPUS DOWN TO ALEXANDRIA.



painted coffin to the sacred lake and lay it 'neath the symbol of the trial of the dead and name him above all men just, and then bear him thence to lay him by his wife, my mother, in the deep and splendid tomb that he had builded near to the resting-place of the most holy Osiris, where, notwithstanding my sins, I too hope to sleep ere long. And when all these things were done and the deep tomb sealed, the wealth of my father having been removed from the hidden treasury and placed in safety, with the old wife, Atoua, I fled, disguised, up the Nile till we came to Tapé (Thebes), and here in this great city I lay a while, till a place could be found where I should hide myself.

And such a place I found. For to the north of the great city are hills brown and rugged, and desert valleys blasted of the sun, and in this place of desolation the Divine Pharaohs, my forefathers, hollowed out their tombs in the solid rock, whereof the most part are lost to this day, so cunningly have they been hidden. But some are open, for the accursed Persians and other thieves broke into them in search of treasure. And one night—for by night only did I leave my hiding-place—just as the dawn was breaking on the mountain tops, I wandered alone in this sad Valley of Death, like to which there is no other, and presently came to the mouth of a tomb hidden amid great rocks, which thereafter I knew for the place of the burying of the Divine Rameses, the third of that name, now long gathered to Osiris. And by the faint light of the dawn creeping through the entrance I saw that it was spacious, and that within were chambers. On the following night, therefore, I returned, bearing lights, with Atoua, my nurse, who ever ministered faithfully to me as when I was little and without discretion. And we searched the mighty tomb and came to the great hall of the sarcophagus of granite, wherein sleeps the divine Rameses, and saw the mystic paintings on the walls—the symbol of the Snake unending, the symbol of Ra (the sun) resting upon the Scarabeus, the symbol of Ra resting upon Nout, the symbol of the Headless Men, and many others whereof, being initiated, well I read the mysteries. And opening from the long descending passage I found chambers whereon were paintings beautiful to behold, and of all manner of things. For beneath each chamber is entombed the master of the craft whereof the paintings tell, he who was the chief of the servants of the craft in the house of the divine Rameses. And on the walls of the last chamber—on the left-hand side, looking toward the hall of the Sarcophagus—are paintings exceeding beautiful, and two blind Harpers playing upon their bent harps even before the God Mou; and beneath the floor these Harpers, who harp no more, are soft at sleep. Here then, in this gloomy place, even in the tomb of the Harpers and the company of the dead, I took up my abode; and here for eight long years did I work out my penance and make atonement for my sin. But Atoua, because she loved to be near the light, abode in the chamber of Boats—that is, the first chamber on the right-hand side of the gallery looking toward the hall of the Sarcophagus.

And this was the manner of my life: On every second day the old wife, Atoua, went forth and brought from the city water and such food as is necessary to keep the life from failing, and also tapers made from fat. And one hour at the time of sunrise and one hour at the time of sunset did I go forth also to wander in the valley for my health's sake and to save my sight from failing in the great darkness of the tomb. But the other hours of the day and night, save when I climbed the mountain to watch the course of the stars, I spent in prayer and meditation and sleep, till the cloud of sin lifted from my heart and once more I drew near to the Gods, though with Isis, my heavenly Mother, I might speak no more. And exceeding wise I grew also, pondering on all those mysteries whereto I held the key. For abstinence and prayer and sorrowful solitude wore away the grossness of my flesh, and with the eyes of the Spirit I learned to look deep into the heart of things till the joy of Wisdom fell like dew upon my soul.

Soon was the rumour wafted about the city that a certain holy man named Olympus abode in solitude in the tombs of the awful Valley of the Dead; and hither came people bearing sick that I might cure them. And I gave my mind to the study of simples, wherein Atoua instructed me; and by lore and the weight of thought I gained great skill in medicine, and healed many sick. And thus ever, as time went on, my fame was noised abroad; for it was said that I was also a magician, and that in the tombs I had commune with the spirits of the dead. And this, indeed, I did—though it is not lawful for me to speak of these matters. Thus, then, it came to pass that no more need Atoua go forth to seek food and water, for the people brought it—more than was needful, for no fee would I receive. Now at first, fearing lest some might in the hermit Olympus know the lost Harmachis, I would only meet those who came, in the darkness of the tomb. But afterwards, when I learned how through all the land 'twas held that Harmachis was certainly no more, I came forth and sat in the mouth of the tomb, and ministered to the sick, and at times calculated nativities for the great. And thus my fame grew continually, till at length folk journeyed even from Memphis and Alexandria to visit me; and from them I learned how Antony had left Cleopatra for a while, and, Fulvia being dead, had married Octavia, the sister to Caesar. Many other things I learned also.

And in the second year this I did: I dispatched the old wife, Atoua, disguised as a seller of simples, to Alexandria, bidding her seek out Charmion, and, if yet she found her faithful, reveal to her the secret of my way of life. So she went, and in the fifth month from her sailing returned, bearing Charmion's greetings and a token. And she told me that she had found means to see Charmion, and, in talk, had let fall the name of Harmachis, speaking of me as one dead; whereat Charmion, unable to control her grief, wept aloud. Then, reading her heart—for the old wife was very clever, and held the key of knowledge—she told her that Harmachis yet lived, and sent her greetings. Thereon Charmion wept yet more with joy, and kissed the old wife, and made her gifts, bidding her tell me that ever she kept her vow, and waited for my coming and the hour of vengeance. So, having learned many secrets, Atoua returned again to Tapé.

And in the following year came messengers to me from Cleopatra, bearing a sealed roll and great gifts. I opened the roll, and read therein:—

"Cleopatra to Olympus, the learned Egyptian who dwelleth in the Valley of Death by Tapé!"

"The fame of thy renown, O learned Olympus, hath reached our ears. Tell thou, then, this to us, and if thou tellest aright greater honour and wealth shalt thou have than any in Egypt: How shall we win back the love of noble Antony, who is bewitched of cunning Octavia and tarries long from us?"

And herein I saw the hand of Charmion, who had made known my renown to Cleopatra.

All that night I took counsel with my wisdom, and on the morrow wrote my answer as it was put into my heart to the destruction of Cleopatra and of Antony. And thus I wrote:—

"Olympus the Egyptian to Cleopatra the Queen!"

"Go forth into Syria with one who shall be sent to lead thee; thus shalt thou win Antony to thy arms again, and with him gifts more great than thou canst dream."

And with this letter I dismissed the messengers, bidding them share the presents sent by Cleopatra among their company.

So they went wondering.

But Cleopatra, seizing on the advice to which her passion prompted her, departed straightway with Fonteius Capito into Syria; and there the thing came about as I had foretold, for Antony was subdued of her and gave her the greater part of Cilicia, the ocean shore of Arabia Nabathaea, the balm-bearing provinces of Judaea, the province of Phoenicia, the province of Cœlo-Syria, the rich Isle of Cyprus, and all the library of Pergamus. And to the twin children that, with the son Ptolemy, Cleopatra had borne to Antony, did he impiously give the names of "Kings, the Children of Kings"—of Alexander Helios, as the Greeks name Ra (the sun), and of Cleopatra Selene, the long-winged (the moon).

These things, then, came to pass.

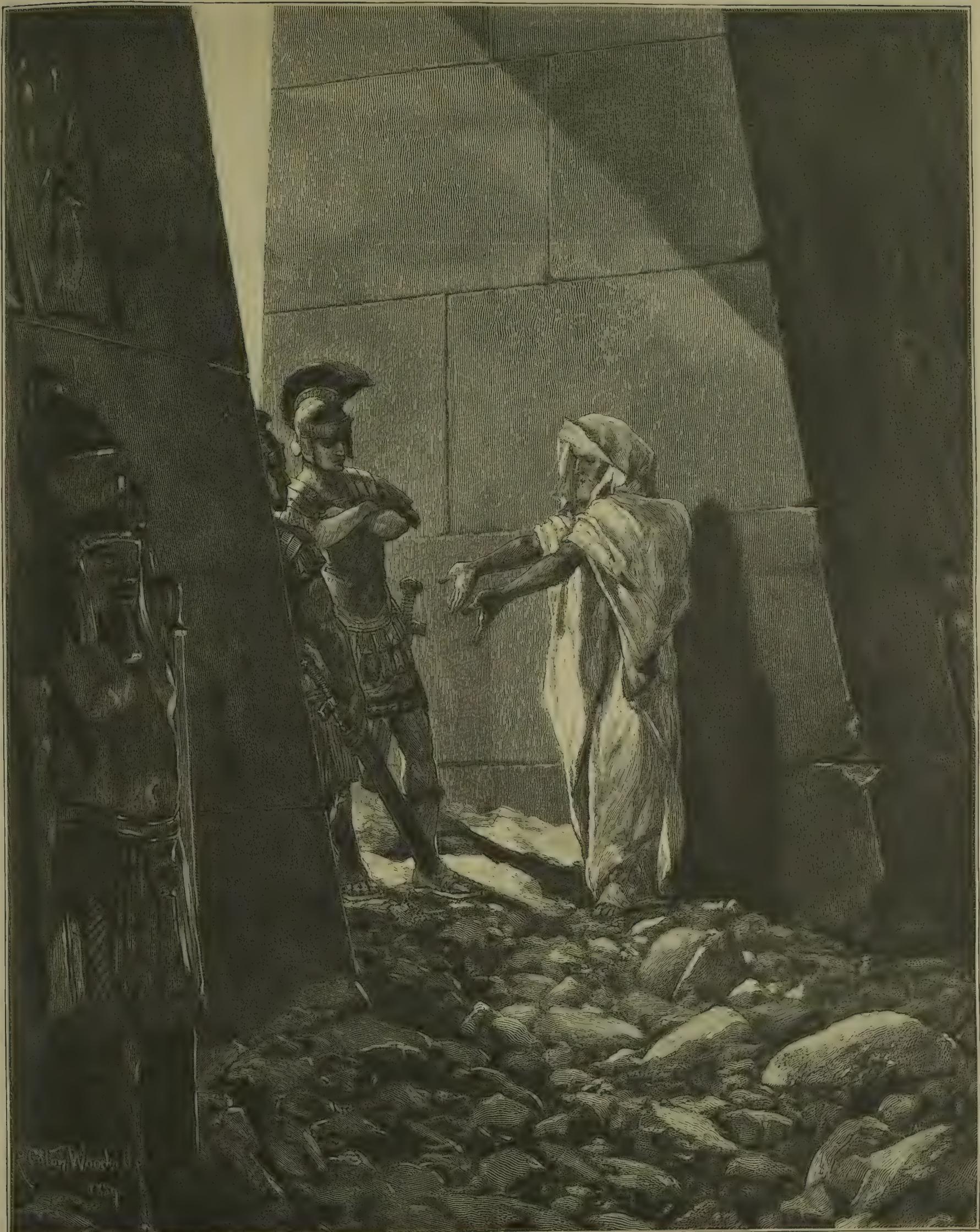
Now, on her return to Alexandria Cleopatra sent me great gifts, of which I would have none, and prayed me, the learned Olympus, to come to her at Alexandria; but it was not yet time, and I would not. But thereafter did she and Antony send many times to me for counsel, and ever I counselled them to their ruin, nor did my prophecies fail.

Thus the long years rolled away, and I, the Hermit Olympus, the dweller in a tomb, the eater of bread and the drinker of water, became by strength of the wisdom that was given me of the avenging Power, once more great in Khem. For ever I grew wiser as I trampled the desires of the flesh beneath my feet and turned my eyes to heaven.

At length eight full years were accomplished. The war with the Parthians had come and gone, and Artavasdes, King of Armenia, had been led in triumph through the streets of Alexandria. Cleopatra had visited Samos and Athens; and, by her counselling, the noble Octavia had been driven, like some discarded concubine, from the house of Antony at Rome. And now, at the last, was the measure of the folly of Antony full even to the brim. For this master of the world had no longer the good gift of reason: in Cleopatra was he lost, even as I had been lost. And therefore, in the event, did Octavianus declare war against him.

And as I slept at night in the chamber of the Harpers, in the tomb of Pharaoh that is by Tapé, there came to me a vision of my father, the aged Amenemhat, and he stood over me, leaning on his staff, and spoke, saying—

"Arise, my son!—the hour of vengeance is at hand! Thy plots have not failed; thy prayers have been heard. By the bidding of the Gods, as she sat in her galley at the fight of Actium, I filled the heart of Cleopatra with fears, so that she fled with all her fleet. Now is the strength of Antony broken



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE

In the morning I awoke, wondering, and went to the mouth of the tomb; and there, coming up the valley, I saw the messengers of Cleopatra, and with them a Roman guard.
"What will ye with me now?" I asked sternly.

on the sea. Go forth, and even as it shall be put into thy mind, so do thou."

In the morning I awoke, wondering, and went to the mouth of the tomb; and there, coming up the valley, I saw the messengers of Cleopatra, and with them a Roman guard.

"What will ye with me now?" I asked sternly.

"This is the message of the Queen and of great Antony," answered the Captain, bowing low before me, for I was much feared of all men. "The Queen doth command thy presence at Alexandria. Many times hath she sent, and thou wouldest not come; now doth she bid thee to come, and that swiftly, for she hath need of thy counsel."

"And if I say Nay, soldier: what then?"

"These are my orders, most holy Olympus: that by force I bring thee."

I laughed aloud. "By force, thou fool! Use not such talk to me, lest I smite thee where thou art. Know, then, that I can kill as well as cure!"

"Pardon, I beseech thee!" he answered, shrinking. "I say but those things that I am bid."

"Well I know it, Captain. Fear not, I come."

So on that very day I departed, together with the aged Atoua. Aye, I went as secretly as I had come; and the tomb of the divine Rameses knew me no more. And with

me I took all the treasure of my father, Amenemhat, for I was not minded to go to Alexandria empty-handed and as a suppliant; but rather as a man of much wealth and condition. Now, as I went, I learned that Antony, following Cleopatra, had, indeed, fled from Actium, and knew that the end drew nigh. For this and many other things had I foreseen in the darkness of the tomb at Tápé, and planned to bring about.

Thus, then, I came to Alexandria, and entered into a house which had been made ready for me at the palace gates.

And that very night came Charnion unto me—Charnion whom for nine long years I had not seen.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPEARE ON LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Love at first sight, though a much talked-of, is not, after all, a very frequent phenomenon. Most of the married lives that pursue the even tenour of their way in the same home channels are like streams that have flowed alongside on the same level for some time, and at last mingled their waters quietly and naturally. Acquaintance, friendship, courtship, marriage, are the usual stages, the three earlier merging gradually into one another. It is not often that two fountains leap, as it were, into the air together, and suddenly form one impetuous torrent; and when this does take place, it is not on the prosaic plains below, but on the hills, the region of romance and mystery. We feel at once that something has happened which lifts the story above the level of the commonplace. Hence it is that "Love at first sight" is a favourite theme with poets and romancers. The "situation" is striking, and contains elements of the picturesque; the lovers, ignorant as they are of each other's character and circumstances, must have mutual revelations and surprises in store, which the sympathetic reader is pleased to share with them.

But the interest attaching to the subject is in reality due to the rarity of the occurrence in real life. We know that an ordinary love affair is not conducted in this impetuous style; that men and women are drawn to one another not by this mysterious fascination, but by invisible lines of common habits, of kindred likings or pursuits.

Our greatest poet, Shakspeare, whose judgment on this, as on all other matters, is marvellously well balanced, recognises that love is, in ordinary cases, a plant of gradual growth, unfolding naturally in the softened sunshine of mutual acquaintance. The timid, shrinking figure of Ophelia, flitting about the palace of Elsinore, had been long familiar to the Prince Hamlet before "she sucked the honey of his music vows." It was by no sudden process that Desdemona, according to Othello—

Loved me for the dangers I had passed.

In her father's house, in the intervals between her ordinary household duties, she listened to her father's guest, and after many stirring recitals, many thrilling stories of heroic deeds in which the speaker could not wholly suppress his own share, she gradually came to regard the swarthy Moor as her king of men. Benedick and Beatrice had long bantered each other with the freedom of old acquaintance, and the kindly stratagems of their friends only served to bring out what they had already whispered to their own hearts—that interchange of wit had led to the interchange of love. Imogen, that type of wifely trust and constancy, when upbraided by her father Cymbeline for having crossed his wishes in the choice of a husband, says—

Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow.

But while following out in these instances the law that circumstances influence the affections gradually and imperceptibly, Shakspeare has also painted for us with wonderful and delicate skill the phenomenon of love at first sight. So profound and sympathetic an observer of human nature could not but have noticed that sometimes an unsuspected seed may suddenly quicken in two hearts at the same moment, and unfold with magical quickness and profusion the full-tinted, fragrant blossoms of a great passion. We at once recall Romeo and Juliet, Ferdinand and Miranda, Orlando and Rosalind.

The heir of the Montagues sees the fair daughter of the hated Capulets, and at once the accumulated bitterness of an hereditary feud, the considerations of the hopelessness, the impossibility of a happy union, all motives of prudence, self-interest, personal safety, are powerless to resist the force of the strong tide of feeling which has seized both their hearts. The young Prince Ferdinand, shipwrecked upon Prospero's island, finds that gentle daughter of Nature, Miranda, fairer in her simplicity and innocence than all the ladies of his father's Court at Milan. He says, amazed at himself for the sudden transformation which has passed over his spirit—

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, are light to me.
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid, all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

While Miranda, lost in artless admiration of this noble apparition—the only man, beside her father, whom she has ever seen—trustfully showers upon him first her compassion and then her love, disobeying even her father for his sake, and striving to lift in her slender arms the logs which he has been ordered to carry. "At the first sight," murmurs Prospero, pleased at the success of his scheme, "they have changed eyes."

Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections.

In "As You Like It" again, we find Rosalind, the brave-hearted daughter of the banished Duke, standing with her cousin to watch the struggle between Orlando and the Duke's wrestler. Both Rosalind and Celia are interested in Orlando, but even before the former hears that the young noble, like herself, is a victim of injustice and adverse fortune, her heart goes out to him, and she is fain to admit, "You have overthrown more than your enemy." While Orlando finds the chain she has bestowed upon him acting like a spell, weakening his muscles, arresting his pulses, paralysing his speech. He has withstood Charles the Wrestler, but a few kind words from an unknown lady utterly unnerve him—

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Of course, love at first sight may be treated by a dramatist or novelist merely as an effective "situation," as a stock incident equally convenient with the intercepted letter, the misinterpreted conversation, or the discovery of noble birth in the hero or heroine. One often fails to see any reason in the fitness of things to justify this sudden passion. There does not seem to be anything in the minds and souls of the persons concerned to make this attraction an inevitable necessity. If any explanation is offered, the glamour of physical comeliness is supposed to be quite adequate to produce the phenomenon. Marriages are certainly made, as we know, upon such insufficient grounds, but we know also that even in such cases the attraction depends upon something in the taste of the individual rather than upon the absolute charms of the attracting object. It is not always the most beautiful face or form that turns the whole current of emotion in one direction. The standard of the dispassionate critic of beauty is not that of the lover; the latter exercises his own individuality in selecting for admiration the features, colouring, &c., that might not so well suit the purpose of a Phidias or Praxiteles as some others in the same room. He feels instinctively that the partner of his life should have just that appearance and none other. He is assured, often without deliberating at all on the subject, that he has found the character as well as the face, for which he had been unwittingly waiting, and he exclaims with Miranda, "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple." Shakspeare, the supreme master of the mysteries of human nature, has explained this for us. We find that he does not look upon "love at first sight" as a species of inexplicable caprice or

midsummer madness. His treatment of the phenomenon is based on psychological grounds, and he always provides a *raison d'être* for it in the mental and moral correspondence of the two natures involved. To borrow the language of chemistry, love at first sight appears to be a sudden recognition of spiritual affinity. "Affinity" has been a hardly-used term, and has often been made to stand for some vague physical attraction, some dim aesthetic sense scarcely higher than that which Mr. Grant Allen attributes to butterflies when they go a-wooing. But there is a Shakspearian phrase which will, perhaps, serve us better—the "marriage of true minds." This is his calm and just ideal of wedded union.

It should be based on a correspondence (which by no means implies similarity) of mental capacity, of intellectual likings, of moral feelings. The characters should dovetail into one another, so to speak, if only they are placed in contact. They do not define this sympathy to themselves, perhaps they never consciously recognise the psychological basis of their wedded happiness, and yet it is the most real and vital circumstance of their union. It has often been remarked that married persons, or friends who share together a quiet life of affectionate intercourse, grow at last to resemble one other. The same expression rests on both faces—a dual revelation of the common feeling and interest existing between them. The correspondence must always have been there potentially; but circumstances have led to its development, and it has become more real as time wears on. And this unsuspected *rapprochement*, drawing two people together by its magnetic influence, is always recognised by Shakspeare. He does not explain it to us crudely in so many words; but he who runs may read the subtle indications by which the great artist reveals his knowledge of the working of this secret law. Thus if we take Rosalind and Orlando we easily learn what it is that unconsciously draws them together. The parallelism in their fates (for both suffer wrong at the hands of kinsfolk and both are exiled) is carried out in their dispositions. The same self-reliance and venturesomeness characterises both; the buoyancy of spirit and manly cheerfulness of Orlando find their counterpart in the gay insouciance and elastic temperament of Rosalind. Both have a keen sense of humour, that relish for the ridiculous which is such a preservative of good temper and antidote against dullness, and which no domestic hearth should be without. Both take up the same attitude towards the *blase* sentimentality of the melancholy Jaques—their sound common-sense leading them to show scant tolerance towards moral weakness and morbidity. They are alike, too, in softer traits—generous to their foes, tender to the weak and helpless. Truly they are well fitted to walk not only the forest of Arden, but the more difficult forest of life, together.

In the case of Ferdinand and Miranda the same law of likeness asserts itself. Ferdinand's sense of filial duty, for example, is nearly as strong as Miranda's. They are alike in their unworldliness; for when shipwrecked on the island and supposing his father dead, the thought that he is now King of Naples only adds a fresh impetus to Ferdinand's grief, while Miranda, hearing for the first time of her high lineage and rank, does not dwell even for an instant upon these things, but laments at the care which she must have been to her father in his exile. Both possess rare sensitiveness of conscience and a delicate sense of honour. Miranda is distressed at the most trifling act of inadvertent disobedience; she tells her lover her name, and then exclaims—

O my father!
I have broke your nest to say so.

While Ferdinand says of himself with just pride on giving a promise to Prospero—

The strongest suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour.

The "plain and holy innocence" which Miranda invokes, and which is already the secret of her freshness and charm, has its counterpart in the candour and outspoken honesty of Ferdinand; for nothing could be finer than his manly directness and simplicity of thought and speech. They are a noble pair, and one feels that Prospero's charms have, after all, but little to do with the spell that has fallen upon them. Theirs is one of those few marriages that are "made in heaven." "She's mine," said Ferdinand, "by immortal Providence."

Perhaps the immortal lovers of Verona have received more sympathy than any pair the world has ever heard of. Even the ghosts of Leander and Hero grow dim and pale before those of Romeo and Juliet. In their story, especially as told by Shakspeare, the interest in the fate of the lovers is so keen that perhaps we give somewhat less attention to their characters. And yet there is the same subtle likeness between these hapless souls. Why should Juliet prefer the unknown Montague to the County Paris? Why should Romeo forget Rosaline for the sake of his enemy's daughter? It was the union of two undisciplined but richly-dowered natures, both lonely, both thrown back on their own hearts, for Juliet, with her fervent imagination and strong impulses, was like a creature of another birth in the household of the Capulets, with her violent, capricious father, her cold, worldly mother, and her coarse, fickle-minded nurse; while of Romeo's home-life we know only his share in its feud, and his friends are certainly most uncongenial to his higher moods. The peculiar intensity of feeling of which both are capable and both unconscious lies smouldering in their hearts, and it only needs their chance meeting, with, perhaps, the stimulus of their different circumstances, to reveal, as by a sudden blaze, that they are made for each other. Juliet is charmed with the delicate homage of Romeo; he is no less delighted at the grace with which she shyly tosses back his tender badinage; the confession of mutual love is hardly needed. The same spirit animates them from the moment of their meeting to the tragic catastrophe. Both are swift in resource and lofty in courage, but both, alas (for they are young and sore beset by untoward calamities), are wanting in that calm insight into life, that strong self-control, that reasonableness, in short, which alone can make the tide of love a beneficent stream, instead of a destroying torrent. Better for them to have died thus than live to find their mutual love less precious than they had deemed it; but better far to have kept the pale, clear light of Reason burning above the altar of that affection wherein they so rashly sacrificed themselves.

Yet this tragic close to a story which contains the elements of tragedy from the beginning is not a warning against love at first sight, but only against precipitancy and blindness in opposing Passion to Circumstances. Shakspeare, as we have seen, realises that love should be, often, based upon a real correspondence of character and temperament, and that this mutual fitness may be instinctively revealed to two souls on an instant. In his studies of character, so masterly in their conception, so exquisitely but unobtrusively finished in their execution, he has taught us this, among many other pregnant truths of human nature. Do we seek for a stronger and yet more emphatic testimony, we find it in "As You Like It," for there, repeating the words of Christopher Marlowe, he makes his love-stricken Phebe exclaim—

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? M. P.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was celebrated on May 15. In the afternoon the usual choral service was held under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The choir consisted of 300 voices, and was accompanied by the organ and a full orchestra. The Archbishop of Canterbury and several Bishops, and the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were in attendance; and the cathedral was crowded in every part. Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam" preceded the service, at the close of which the Hallelujah Chorus was given. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. J. Ridgway, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate. The collection made after the sermon, to be wholly devoted to the objects of the society, amounted to £139. In the evening the annual dinner of the corporation was held at Merchant Taylors' Hall. The Lord Mayor presided, and was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Capetown and St. Asaph. The collection amounted to £338.

The Church of England Temperance Society has received a donation of £100 from an anonymous donor to provide a missionary for Clerkenwell Police-Court. A similar sum has also been promised by the Rev. Dr. Oliver, of St. Mary's, Ealing, for a missionary for the Thames Police-Court.

Lord Rothschild recently presided at the ninety-ninth annual festival dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, which was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. The subscriptions amounted to £1586, including £105 from the Queen, £50 from the Earl of Derby, £100 from Lord Rothschild, £52 10s. from Mr. Alfred Rothschild, £52 10s. from Mr. Leopold Rothschild, and £52 10s. from Colonel North.

The Royal Maternity Hospital, which was founded 132 years ago, held its triennial festival on May 15 at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, when a hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner. Sir J. Lubbock, M.P., presided. Last year 3601 poor women received the benefits of the institution, at a cost of £2400. Subscriptions and donations to the amount of £444 were announced by the secretary, including 50 guineas from the Queen.

A special general court of the governors and supporters of the Royal Masonic Institution for girls was held on May 16 at Freemasons' Hall—Mr. Charles Hammerton in the chair—for the consideration of a recommendation of the Centenary Committee that authority should be given to expend a sum not exceeding £31,000 on enlarging the school at Clapham Junction. The centenary festival of the institution last year, when the Prince of Wales, supported by the King of Sweden, presided, having produced more than £50,000, it was resolved to increase the buildings so as to take in more girls, and plans having been prepared and tenders for the erection of the buildings accepted, the necessary money for the purpose was asked for. The recommendation was unanimously agreed to.

On May 17 the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, which has branches in Dublin, Manchester, and Glasgow, held their thirtieth annual meeting at the offices, Charing-cross. Lieutenant-General Drysdale presided. The report which was read showed that without fee or charge the society had obtained 2358 situations for pensioners during the past year, and that her Majesty, who is the patron of the institution, still continued her liberal subscription. An appeal was addressed to the general public for aid, as well as to the various regiments of the army and ships in the navy, to further the aims of the society.

Mr. George Williams presided at the forty-third annual meeting of the Seamen's Christian Friend Society at Exeter Hall. Several hundred seamen were present. The report stated that the income of the work had been much larger than in any previous year. Admiral Grant, C.B., Colonel Handside, and others strongly advocated the society's claims. The income for the past year had been £2926. A liberal collection was taken at close of the meeting, to which the chairman contributed £25.

May 18 was a fête-day at the Homes for Little Boys, Farningham, it being the occasion of the annual visit of senior scholars and teachers from various Sunday-schools in the metropolis and other districts, together with others interested in the work of these excellent homes. The visitors numbered about 1000, representing some fifty or sixty Sunday-schools.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR JUNE.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn on the 3rd and 4th, being to the right of the planet on the 3rd and to the left on the 4th. She sets on the 3rd at 11h 51m p.m., and on the 4th at 20 minutes after midnight. She is near Jupiter during the night of the 13th, being to the right of the planet; and she is to the left of Jupiter during the night of the 14th. She is near Venus on the morning of the 24th, being to the right of the planet. She is near Mercury on the 27th, and near Mars on the 28th, the day of New Moon. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter	on the 6th at 2 minutes after 8h in the afternoon.
Full Moon	" 13th " 58 " 1 " afternoon.
Last Quarter	" 20th " 35 " 7 " morning.
New Moon	" 28th " 54 " 8 " morning.

She is nearest the Earth on the afternoon of the 13th, and most distant from it on the morning of the 27th.

Mercury sets on the 3rd at 9h 40m p.m., or 1h 34m after sunset; on the 10th at 8h 59m p.m., or 47 minutes after sunset; on the 15th at 8h 23m p.m., or 7 minutes after sunset. He rises on the 21st at 3h 45m a.m., or about the same time as the Sun rises; on the 25th at 3h 40m a.m., or 6 minutes before sunrise; on the 30th at 3h 16m a.m., or 31 minutes before sunrise. He is in descending node on the 4th, in apheleion on the 14th, in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 19th, and near the Moon on the 27th.

Venus is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h 27m a.m., on the 10th at 2h 7m a.m., or 1h 39m before sunrise; on the 20th at 1h 47m a.m., or 1h 57m before sunrise; and on the 30th at 1h 28m a.m., or 2h 21m before sunrise. She is at greatest brilliancy on the 6th, near the Moon on the 24th, and in apheleion on the 26th.

Mars sets on the 1st at 8h 30m p.m.; on the 9th at 8h 25m p.m., or 16 minutes after sunset; on the 20th at 8h 20m p.m., or 1 minutes after the Sun; on the 21st at 1h 19m a.m., or about the same time as the Sun. He rises on the 29th at 3h 27m a.m., or 21 minutes before the Sun. He is in conjunction with the Sun on the 18th, and near the Moon on the 28th.

Jupiter rises on the 9th at 9h 13m p.m., or 1h 1m after sunset; and on the 21st at 8h 29m p.m., or 11 minutes after sunset; and on the 21st at about the same time as the Sun; and after this day he rises in daylight to the end of the year. He sets on the 27th at 3h 47m a.m., or about the same time as the Sun rises; on the 28th at 3h 43m a.m., or 4 minutes before sunrise; and on the 30th at 3h 33m, or 16 minutes before sunrise. He sooths on the 1st at 1h 48m a.m., on the 10th at 1h 8m a.m., on the 24th at about midnight, and on the 30th at 1h 35m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 13th, and in opposition to the Sun on the 24th.

Saturn both rises and passes the meridian in daylight. He sets on the 1st at 9h 11m a.m., on the 10th at 11h 33m p.m., on the 20th at 10h 57m p.m., and on the 30th at 10h 19m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 4th.

The new protected cruiser Barracouta was successfully launched from Sheerness Dockyard on May 16. She has a displacement of 1580 tons, and engines of 3000-horse power, which are to propel her at 16·5 knots per hour. Her armament consists of six 4·7-inch and four 3-pounder quick-firing guns, as well as two torpedo tubes. The vessel cost about £97,000.

Through the energy of the Rev. H. Boyden and a committee, of which Mr. Eddy was hon. secretary, funds have been raised for the purpose of erecting a new clock and bell in Pendene church tower. The work was entrusted to Mr. J. W. Benson, clockmaker to the Queen, Ludgate-hill, London, who has made a clock specially suited to the tower, all the latest improvements having been introduced.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Reproach of Annesley. By Maxwell Gray. Three vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has certainly the power of holding the reader's mind intensely fixed by a secret concerning the manner in which some person has been "removed" from the world. Yet it is painful to entertain suspicions that a character otherwise deserving of esteem is going to be blasted, after years of concealment, with the guilt of murder or manslaughter. To relieve such anxiety, in the present instance, we take leave at once to make known the fact that Paul Annesley, though he was seen, after a desperate struggle with his cousin Edward, to fall over the rocks into the river Doubs, where his corpse was never found, is still by no means dead. He has wandered away in France, embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and become the tonsured preaching friar, Brother Sebastian, only dead to mundane follies and temptations. The motives for this entire change of life may be estimated by the considerations that he has just failed in a furious attempt, maddened by jealousy, to kill Edward for being the preferred lover of Alice Lingard; that his inheritance of the Gledesworth estate, after working usefully as a country parish doctor in embarrassed pecuniary circumstances, has not made him at all happy; that the Annesley ownership of Gledesworth is notoriously under an hereditary "reproach" and fatal curse; and that Paul's mother, who came of another family, has endowed him with a fierce and haughty temper, which he feels himself unable to control.

But it is hard on the unselfish and generous cousin, a delightful fellow, a young officer of the Royal Artillery, frank and light-hearted, who sings cheerfully as he walks along the road, having not a grain of malice in his nature, that he should succeed to the property under so terrible a "reproach" of being in some way culpable with regard to Paul's supposed death. To the social ban of distrust among his country neighbours, and among his military comrades, is added the refusal of Alice to marry him, though she has not ceased to love him; and this is due to the subtle craft of Gervase Rickman, the sole witness of Paul's fall into the river, who contrives to make her think Edward really in fault. Gervase, an able and ambitious lawyer, who has got money and won a seat in Parliament, and intends to be "ruler of England, if not of the world," actually prevails on Alice to consent to become his wife; but the wedding is prevented by Edward's discovery of Paul still living. There is no further obstacle to the union of Edward with Alice, and, when Paul is shot among the French soldiers defending Paris, the Gledesworth mansion and estate can pass to Edward, relieved of the ancient curse by the equivocal fulfilment of an obscure prediction.

This is a plot of rather commonplace invention; but the story has great merit of another kind, in the agreeable portraiture, especially of its secondary characters, Sibyl Rickman being a very winsome person; and there is genuine humour in the talk of the rustic folk, who seem to belong to Hampshire. The old sexton and gravedigger, Raysh Squire, formerly parish clerk, is as good an original, with his peculiar notions and whims, as we have known in that office since the gravediggers in "Hamlet." There is an excellent description of a sheep-shearing at Arden Manor. The pious and gentle old shepherd, Daniel Pink, the Gale family, and others of the labouring class, are people with whom one is pleased to make acquaintance. On the whole, it may be said that "The Reproach of Annesley" is decidedly better than "The Silence of Dean Maitland."

Esther Denison. By Adeline Sergeant. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The heroine of this story, which merits high commendation as well for its pure strain of sustained moral integrity as for its strong representation of characters and passions, is a noble example of womanly virtues. It must be supposed not impossible for one, who in her girlhood has been encouraged to open her heart to a love that will endure for life, afterwards to remain the true and faithful friend of another, preferred and wedded by the man to whom she is attached, rendering great services to the married couple, saving the unworthy wife from sin and ruin, aiding the husband's best aspirations to a course of honourable activity, without any selfish thought. This part of Esther Denison's life, admitting it to be within the moral capacity of feminine nature, presents a theme of profound interest, which is treated by the authoress with no high-flown sentimentality, but with ample recognition of the abiding force of a true early affection, held in perfect subordination to duty and generous friendship.

Esther is the daughter of a poor and unhappy Dissenting minister, whose uncompromising fidelity to wider religious views than those of his sect has brought himself and his family to the verge of destitution; and she, left an orphan, is governess in the house of Mrs. La Touche, a neighbour and connection of the Malets, the elderly bachelor brothers residing at Kersham Manor. The nephew of these two gentlemen, who are tolerably wealthy, is Sebastian Malet, brought up in expectation of their inheritance, a youth of amiable and honourable disposition, and of promising talents, improved by the care of his uncle, Sir Ronald, who has retired from a distinguished public career. Sebastian, when just emerging from boyhood, had shown a tenderness for Esther, the companion of his studies, which was returned by her with confiding frankness, she being three years his junior, but of which no other persons knew. He goes away for his education, and to enter the diplomatic service; comes back to the village, forgetting his youthful passion, regarding Esther only as a sisterly friend of his boyhood, and is captivated by the beauty of his cousin, Nina La Touche, the eldest of Esther's pupils. He marries this girl, takes her abroad with him, and they have two children; but Nina's vanity, extravagance, and reckless desire of pleasure, with her perilous flirtations, inflict serious injuries on her husband, spoiling his official career, and reducing him to an obscure consulate near Algiers. At the request of Mrs. La Touche, in a domestic emergency, Esther goes out to Algiers to accompany Nina and her children to England; she is deeply shocked and grieved by finding Nina estranged from her husband, corrupt and faithless, actually engaged in a disgraceful intrigue. Esther comes just in time, by prompt and courageous action, which is very well told, and by her earnest, vehement persuasion, to rescue Nina from this fatal plunge into irretrievable shame. Concealing it from Sebastian, she takes Nina home; but there is no hope of a thorough reformation.

Soon afterwards, quitting her employment as a governess, Esther, who has some literary ability, obtains a post on the staff of a Scottish provincial newspaper, and goes to live at "Dunross," which town may well be Dundee, as "St. Margaret's," not far distant, can be no other than St. Andrew's. Her experiences in that situation are described with much humour, but we have never met a young lady really holding such a situation. Here she chances to find a companion of her childhood, Phillis Wyatt, a wild but not vicious girl, who has struggled with sore poverty, burdened with a drunken

father, and who lives precariously by some engagement at the local theatre. Esther Denison reclaims this young woman to orderly and respectable habits, and gives information that brings to her father, who was a lost kinsman of the Malets, a comfortable share of Sir Roland's money. Sebastian, in the meantime, is apparently debarred from inheriting the Kersham estate by the unexpected marriage of his other uncle, the old Squire, and the birth of an heir. He accepts a consular office in South America; but, sailing thither with his wife and children, encounters shipwreck; he and the little ones are saved, while Nina is reported to be drowned.

We should like the story quite well enough if it ended with Sebastian's coming home, as he does, and marrying the good Esther, as he does; but the authoress is determined to add the hardest possible trial of virtuous fortitude in the life of this heroic woman. Nina was not drowned; she comes back, several months after Sebastian and Esther have innocently married; she is very ill, probably dying; but it may be imagined how shattering to a fabric of happiness so fairly and patiently earned, though long unloved, undreamt-of, in the devotion of her pure spirit to the service of others, is this amazing discovery to Esther. Neither maid, wife, nor widow, she is yet an angel of charity, once more taking care of Nina, and upholding Sebastian in the way of rectitude; while preparing to bid them farewell for ever, and to devote her remaining life to the poor. One would not deny that a woman may be capable of this exalted goodness, but fiction seldom dares to go such lengths in that direction. In the end, as every reader will conclude, the actual death of the first wife, a poor, frail, pretty, faulty creature, who claims a little pity, allows Sebastian and Esther to dwell together, in peace with honour, for the rest of their days. A more interesting story has not of late been published; or one higher in tone and spirit.

Landing a Prize. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. Three vols. (F. V. White and Co.).—English visitors to Norway, more especially those who are skilled in the noble art and pastime of fly-fishing, and who are so fortunate as to be able to rent a river, at the head of the Sogne Fjord, or in a similar recess of that romantic coast, will recognise the truth of this lady's word-pictures of the scenery, and her correct acquaintance with the practice of that sport. It is one in which some ladies of the present day, among our countrywomen, are highly accomplished, as well as in the English pursuit of riding to foxhounds; but the heroine of this story, Fröken Andrine

imaginative creations; while the plot is little more than a series of events resembling some of those abundantly reported in the newspapers of that time, and recited again, in these days, before the Special Commission. Richard Fitzgerald, the hero, a self-educated young man of brave and honourable disposition, clerk to a country attorney, joins the Fenian insurgents of 1867. He is captured, and undergoes five years' penal servitude; he returns with unabated patriotism, but resolving to work for Irish Home Rule by lawful constitutional advocacy, is elected M.P. for Kilmore, beginning to practise as a barrister in London. He enjoys the friendship of Colonel Rose, the Liberal M.P. for the county, and of a wealthy English family residing near Kilmore; this family is that of the Cuthberts, one of whose daughters has become Mrs. Rose, while her sister Emily, fair and good and charming, is reserved for the love of Fitzgerald. Though Colonel Rose and Mr. Cuthbert are the best of landlords, and the Colonel is a Home Ruler, they are molested, from 1879 to 1882, by the machinations of the agrarian conspiracy. Various forms of outrage, wilful damage, boycotting, and other annoyances are described. The Parliamentary experiences of Fitzgerald, who seems to have been a follower of Mr. Isaac Butt, and not so much a follower of Mr. Parnell beyond a certain point, might almost have been taken from Hansard, or from any historical account of such proceedings ten or twelve years ago. Where the author has exercised his own fancy, as in his wild description of a conclave of masked dynamiters in London, to which Fitzgerald is introduced by the Irish-American malefactor, William Brady, the effect is merely grotesque and absurd. This remark may equally be applied to the final narrative of the attempt to blow up Mr. Cuthbert's house with dynamite, while Fitzgerald is with the family in the dining-room. A highly theatrical incident is Kitty Green's act of self-sacrifice, in giving the alarm, and falling a victim to the murderous dirk, outside the dining-room window. Brady's chief intent being to kill Fitzgerald, he would certainly have contrived a surer method of assassination. Happily, the explosion does not kill anybody, and Fitzgerald lives to marry Emily Cuthbert. Brady and Thaddeus O'Hara, the other criminal agent of nefarious Irish-American plots, though one would think them born to be hanged, upset a boat on the lake, by fighting with each other, and so manage to be drowned.

Schwartz. By D. Christie Murray. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—The tale of a black dog called "Schwartz," a love-stricken canine suicide, who cast himself under the wheels of a railway-train in despair because "Lil," an elegant white female of his species, treated him with cruel scorn, is both touching and amusing; its scene is laid at Janenne, a village of the Ardennes. But it fills only the lesser part of the first of these two volumes. "Young Mr. Barter's Repentance" is a London story, in which a theft of bank-notes to the value of £8000, accidentally dropped in a solicitor's office, is detected by the sagacity of a brave young man, Philip Bommaney, who at once redeems his father's character, punishes a league of criminals, and secures happiness to the girl of his heart. We prefer the tales of rural life at Barfield, Heydon Hey, and Beacon Hargate, in the second volume. The "Bull-dog," who is sturdy John Thistlewood, and the airy, touch-and-go, light-minded "Butterfly," Mr. Lane Protheroe, rival suitors of Bertha Fellowes, are characters well contrasted; and the latter, as well as the former, is a brave, manly fellow. Their different styles of wooing, and their Sunday morning fight with each other outside the church, are humorously and effectively told; and still better is the demeanour of the farmer's daughter, and the advice of her mother how to deal with these claimants of her hand. "Julia and her Romeo," with a far-fetched parody of the plot of Shakspeare's play, similarly relates the manner in which the ancestral feud of two old neighbour families, represented by Abel Reddy and Samson Mountain, was ended by the youthful love of a son, on the Reddy side, for a daughter on the other side, from early boyhood and girlhood, in spite of their parents' hereditary hatred.

This persistence of true affection, through various scrapes and domestic disgraces, is set forth in an interesting narrative; but the romantic expedient of a sleeping-potion, like Juliet's, to simulate death, when Julia, the modern rustic Juliet, is lying ill, does not accord with the simplicity of English country life. Happily, in this case, neither of the lovers is in real danger of dying; and their fathers are reconciled at last, with free consent to a peaceful wedding.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO LORD ABERGAVENNY, K.G.

The great political demonstration of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Associations of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, which took place on Aug. 6 last year in the park at Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, the seat of the Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G., was presided over by his Lordship; and it has been the general wish of all who were present, and of those who cherish the same principles, to provide a handsome and appropriate memorial of that important meeting. For this purpose a committee was formed, of which Lord Torrington is chairman, and a subscription was raised by more than four hundred members of such political associations. The beautiful silver épergne, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of which we give an illustration, has been on view at their establishment in London, and is much admired; his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has seen it, and many of the nobility and of Lord Abergavenny's friends. This piece of plate is about to be formally presented to his Lordship, in the name of the subscribers, and will be a valuable heirloom in the family of the Most Noble Marquis, who may possibly, though not a young man, having been born in 1826, henceforth take an active part in public life. His Lordship succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Abergavenny in 1868, and was raised to the rank of Marquis in 1876, with the second title of Earl of Lewes, borne by his eldest son. The Nevill family, of which Lord Abergavenny is the direct descendant, was a branch of that of the ancient Earls of Westmoreland, under the Plantagenet reigns; and King Edward IV. conferred the title of Baron Abergavenny on Sir Ralph Nevill for services in the Wars of the Roses; the fifteenth Baron, in 1784, was created Viscount Nevill and Earl of Abergavenny. The Marquis is one of the Knights of the Order of the Garter.

The Lord Mayor has made a further remittance of £5000 to the Shanghai Relief Committee of the China Famine Fund from the donations sent from all parts of the country to the Mansion House. This makes a total of £30,000 remitted.

An inventory of the estate of the late Sir Thomas Gladstone, of Fasque, has been entered in the record books of Kincardineshire. The gross amount of the personal estate in Scotland and England is given at £254,079. The bulk of the estate has been left to Lady Gladstone and family—namely, Sir John R. Gladstone and Miss Mary Selina Gladstone.



PLATE PRESENTED TO LORD ABERGAVENNY
BY CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST ASSOCIATIONS.

Velsine, of Sandéthal, is a Norwegian young lady. And she is not only an expert angler and ready maker of flies, she is a brave, gentle, modest, and pure-hearted girl, whom it is a pleasure to meet, in our reading, instead of the spoiled and blaséées daughters of luxury and vanity who figure in many of the fashionable novels. An effective counterfoil to Andrine's example of dignified innocence, robust moral and physical health, and dutiful simplicity in womanhood, is presented in the unhappy and desperate young wife, Annie Thompson; married in haste, and under the pressure of severe distress, to a selfish, morose, and detestable conjugal tyrant much older than herself, she recklessly and wantonly flings herself at an inexperienced youth, Harry Hoperton, whom she half seduces into an unworthy association. This part of the story, related without any questionable attempt to palliate such misbehaviour, is the least agreeable portion, and might with advantage have been reduced to a smaller space in the first and second volume. "Nōsse hæc omnia salus est adolescentulūs," may be admitted as a reason for narrating such perilous improper flirtations in which the young man is the least culpable of the two persons, and the ruinous consequences of which are luckily prevented, leaving him to wholesome shame. All the more delightful is the rise of his virtuous and charming intimacy with the fair maiden of honest Norway, and with her respectable father and mother, whose homely, but refined and liberal, domestic life, as well as other incidents of native rustic manners, is very well described. Andrine's perfect sincerity and unconsciousness of male admiration, with her frank courtesy and friendliness, are truly engaging; while her courageous act in stepping over the stones across a raging torrent, and there flinging a rope to save her lover, whose boat is on the verge of the cataract, is told with stirring narrative force. Mr. Hoperton, in finally landing such a prize as this noble girl, and taking her to England as his wife, must be considered the most fortunate of men; such a desirable catch is far better than the finest forty-pound salmon. We like the third volume of the story very much indeed; and we advise everybody who may read the earlier part to go on with it to the end.

Fitzgerald the Fenian. By J. D. Maginn. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—Criticism of novels should be determined by their literary merits, and by the originality and the lifelike vivacity of the individual characters, in whose imaginary actions the reader is to be interested. It may seem a recommendation of this book, to some people just now, that it sets forth, in the guise of fiction, the grievous and scandalous malpractices attending certain phases of the Irish agrarian strife, and of the conspiracy to gain Irish national independence by ferocious deeds, raging not many years ago. But no such quality of supposed political serviceableness could make it a good story, without the use of talents which are nowhere apparent in these two volumes. The style is trite, flabby, and languid; the conceptions, both of persons and of incidents, lack the freshness and vividness that belong to true



AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK: ROTTEN ROW.

PICTURE BY J. V. CIELMINSKI.—ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

The fashionable promenade on horseback is the healthiest custom of the London season. Without this privilege of an hour's gentle exercise in the open air, many ladies and gentlemen might be utterly exhausted by the daily strain on the delicate nervous system in their compulsory attendance on Society. Morning calls, in many cases requiring the observance of discreet reserve and formality—meetings with people one hardly knows at luncheon and five-o'clock tea—exhibitions, concerts, and public entertainments, for which one does not really care—dull dinner-parties, with the feeblest of trivial talk—crowded soirées and bewildering balls, where one dances until the weary hours of early morning—the glaring, vociferating Opera, now and then, to make havoc of the emotional nature—the incessant anxiety to meet the claims of all one's acquaintance—who could bear all this, in the months of May and June, without the leisurely equestrian saunter in Rotten Row? London has not a pleasanter sight than the afternoon gathering of men and women of the richer classes, not all of them high in rank or meriting personal distinction, but including some of aristocratic birth, and some hard-working professional or business men, with young matrons and fair daughters by their side, freely cantering over the soft ground, between the trees now freshly clad in summer foliage, and conversing with whom they please, or swiftly passing by with an unembarrassed gesture of salutation. A man on horseback cannot easily be caught by the buttonhole, as in Pall-mall, and compelled to listen to a bore. The necessity of regarding some peculiarity in one's steed may be a ready excuse for avoiding uncongenial company; and there are clever horses, we suspect, which are capable of being taught to aid such justifiable manoeuvres. Some ladies of considerable London experience are manifestly skilful in steering their course along the ride with a dexterous keeping of safe distance, where symptoms of an undesired approach have been perceived. It would be amusing, no doubt, for any spectator who happened to know the social relations of these people, to watch their movements in the park, and to see the game of rebuked pretensions silently played out with a touch of the whip or the bridle.

MILITARY AND CIVIL ENGINEERS.

History of the Corps of Royal Engineers. By Whitworth Porter, Major-General, R.E. Two vols. (Longmans).—This very complete and accurate historical work, besides containing an account of the origin and development of that scientific branch of the British Army which has attained the highest efficiency, with interesting narratives of its actions in warfare during nearly two centuries past, brings to view the various important civil services of the Royal Engineers, and the peaceful triumphs of their skill. Public opinion has scarcely yet recognised the total amount of national benefits, or the economy in the execution of diverse projects, either ordered by some department of the State, or aided by Government patronage, which have resulted from the occasional employment of able Engineer officers, without disparagement to the profession of civil engineers. A large part of General Whitworth Porter's second volume is filled with the records of these valuable performances. Such were the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain and Ireland; the great trigonometrical survey of India, and the North American Boundary Commission for the line across that continent dividing Canada from the United States, which were properly Government work; the surveys and explorations of Palestine, conducted by Sir Charles Wilson, Major Conder, Sir Charles Warren, and Captain Kitchener, for archaeological research; the labours of Sir John Burgoyne and Sir Harry Jones at the Irish Board of Works; Sir Charles Pasley's services as Board of Trade Inspector of Railways; the construction of Indian railways and Eastern overland telegraphs; the buildings of the International Exhibition of 1862, and the South Kensington Museum, where Captain Fowke and Major-General Donnelly did good service; the erection of convict prisons, and their superintendence; the colonial appointments of Sir William Denison in Australia, Sir Andrew Clarke at the Straits Settlements, and Sir Charles Warren in South Africa; the Afghan Boundary Commission; and many other administrative tasks. The reader who prefers more stirring tales of military exploits will find abundant entertainment in the wars of Flanders and Spain, the sieges of Gibraltar, the conquest of Canada, and the war of American Independence; the Peninsular War, including the Lines of Torres Vedras, the sieges of Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, Burgos, and St. Sebastian; the siege of Sebastopol, the war of the Indian Mutiny, the Abyssinian Expedition under Lord Napier of Magdala, and more recent events. These are related, in each instance, with special reference to the part which the Royal Engineers bore in those achievements, and which requires to be separately studied. Much light is incidentally thrown on the character of fortifications, permanent town, coast, and river defences, and extemporised field-works. One of the most interesting chapters is that on the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, founded in 1812 by General Pasley, and conducted by him during twenty-nine years. The biographical memoirs of distinguished Engineer officers, among whom Field-Marshal Sir J. Burgoyne, Lord Napier of Magdala, and the lamented General Gordon are most conspicuous, find place at the end of the book; while its beginning, with the mechanics and artificers employed for warlike purposes by the Norman and Plantagenet Kings, should be agreeable to an antiquarian taste. It is illustrated by numerous portraits, plans, and views of besieged fortresses or towns.

Life of Charles Blacker Vignoles, F.R.S.: Soldier and Civil Engineer. By his Son (Longmans).—The Rev. Olinthus Vignoles, a London clergyman, in writing this biography of his father, who died in 1875, at the age of eighty-two, has been assisted by his brother, Mr. Henry Vignoles, and by other friends who are professional engineers or conversant with the construction of railways. The late Mr. C. B. Vignoles, descendant of a French Huguenot family long settled in Ireland, after serving a few years in the Army, held a post as State Surveyor in America, but returned to England in 1823, and began practice as a civil engineer shortly before the commencement of the railway system. His abilities and scientific and practical attainments have been generally recognised; yet it is probable that many who do not belong to that profession have scarcely been made aware of his important share in the early achievements of English railway engineering, as his employment, after 1843, chiefly in foreign undertakings of that kind removed him from those immediately under the notice of his own countrymen. A deficiency in the history of those great enterprises here, as related by Dr. Smiles and others, remained to be filled up, towards which the present volume is a just and worthy contribution. Vignoles, perhaps next only to George Stephenson, or equally with Rennie, Locke, and Brunel, may be deemed one of the leaders of the first considerable performances in that department. As chief surveyor and resident engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, under the Messrs. Rennie, from 1824 to 1827, till he was superseded by Stephenson; as engineer in 1832 of the Dublin and Kingstown

lines—also consulted, in 1836, on the Eastern Counties and Brighton Railways—as engineer of the Midland Counties Railway from 1835 to 1839, and of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, with its great Woodhead tunnel through the hard rock of Blackstone Edge, and with other difficult works—Vignoles was behind none of his contemporaries, though it is not claimed for him, like Stephenson, that he was the author of railways. There is a good deal of personal interest, moreover, in his diary, notes, and correspondence, which are judiciously compiled by his son; and his visit to Wurtemberg on railway business in 1843, his journeys in Russia, four or five years later, his construction of the great bridge at Kiev, and his work in the north of Spain, in 1858, afford various entertaining anecdotes. He was elected President of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1869, an honour which he had fairly earned.

Life of Sir William Siemens, F.R.S. By William Pole, F.R.S. (J. Murray).—There is sufficient occasion for this memoir of an eminent man of science and practical skill, whose own writings, occasional lectures and addresses, and notes on heat, electricity, and metallurgy, furnished to the learned societies, are now in course of publication. Mr. Pole, as honorary secretary to the Institution of Civil Engineers, in which the late Sir William Siemens was a member of the Council, was well acquainted with the subject of his biography; and he has written of Fairbairn, Robert Stephenson, and Brunel in a manner already approved. His materials in this instance are partly supplied by the family and friends of Sir William Siemens, who was a native of Lenthe, near Hanover, born in 1823, one of several brothers successfully devoted to scientific inventions and industries. An elder brother, Werner Von Siemens, born in 1816, who is now at the head of a great Berlin manufactory of electrical apparatus, also Hans and Friedrich Siemens, the successive proprietors and managers of large glass-works at Dresden, are well known in Germany. The settlement of William Siemens in England was, from 1843 to 1852, connected with the application of his brother Werner's processes to electro-plating and similar uses; but having pursued a course of scientific inquiries, leading to valuable discoveries with regard to the economy of heat in manufacture, William Siemens then began to practise independently as an engineer. It would be tedious, in a notice of this book, to follow the description of his successful labours in the improvement of the steam-engine, of the water-meter, of the iron and steel furnace, and of steel manufacture, of electric telegraph cables, of appliances for heating by gas, and for producing light and motive power by electricity. The results are more generally known than the methods by which they are obtained; and most people, even now, seem content to admire the sagacity of original discoverers and inventors, without precisely understanding how such things are done. Those of harder heads, or less averse to a moderate intellectual exertion, will find no difficulty in comprehending the explanations given in this volume. None who read it can fail to entertain a cordial esteem for the late Sir William Siemens, as a frank, honest, genial, kindly gentleman, zealous for scientific truth, and useful to mankind, while gaining a substantial reward for his ingenuity, and a high degree of social renown, but not exceeding his real merit. As President of the British Association at Southampton, in 1882, he made a figure equal to this reputation; and his death, towards the end of the following year, was much regretted here.

INCORPORATED CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

The annual general court of this society was held on May 16, at the offices, Dean's-yard, the Bishop of Chichester in the chair. The seventy-first annual report stated that there had been a considerable decrease in the income as compared with the previous year. The mission buildings fund continued to be one of the most useful and important branches of the society's work, and deserved to be more widely supported. The funds held on trust by the society for the repairs of churches had largely increased, and now amounted to £85,000. There had been 83 applications during the past year for assistance from the general fund, and 73 grants were made; while 40 applications were made for aid from the mission buildings fund, 35 of which were entertained. Since the formation of the society, in 1818, 7721 grants had been made towards building 2069 additional churches and chapels, and the enlargement or improvement of 5652 existing churches. By these means 1,854,609 additional seats were obtained, of which about three-fourths were free. The sums voted by the society for these purposes amounted to £944,318; involving a further expenditure on the part of the public to meet those grants of £12,624,393. A resolution was carried affirming that the society deserved the warmest support of all members of the Church in its work of assisting the erection of new churches and mission buildings to meet the ever-increasing wants of the population, and of aiding the work of reparation and enlargement.

Her Majesty has conferred the title and precedence of the younger children of a Baron on Thomas John Wynn, Mabel Wynn, and Dorothy Beatrix Wynn, the brother and sisters of the present Baron Newborough, in the Peerage of Ireland, who recently succeeded to that title on the death of his grandfather.

At the annual meeting, on May 17, of the subscribers to the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, Captain S. G. Homfray, of Monmouth, in the chair, the report of the Committee of Management, which was read, showed that, with twenty men and thirteen widows to be elected that day, there would be 180 men and 229 widows on the funds of the institution, the former receiving £40 a year each, and the latter £32. These, with widows of deceased annuitants receiving half their late husbands' annuities, absorbed the sum of £14,926 a year. Mr. J. A. Farmfield was re-elected treasurer of the institution. The election of twenty aged Masons and thirteen widows of Masons was then proceeded with.

The eighty-fourth general meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held at the Mansion House, on May 17, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The report expressed approval of the reports of the Royal Commission, and of the recommendations which were common to both, and as to the points of difference affirmed that both parties showed more consideration for the rights of conscience and the demand for biblical teaching than would have been the case some years ago. The points prominently brought forward by the minority were of vital importance. There was no lack of candidates for admission to the Training Colleges at the July examination, there having been 582 qualified candidates for 255 vacancies. The elementary schools were prospering, the average attendances being greater. The treasurer's report stated that the current income was £33,790. Of this sum the Government grants came to £21,133; fees from students and scholars, £7905; dividends from investments, £3032; subscriptions and donations, £1724. The expenses of the colleges came to £26,410; of the schools, £4552; general expenses, £810. The total expenditure amounted to £33,384. The reports were adopted, and resolutions in accordance with the objects of the society were passed.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MALMESBURY.

The Right Honourable Sir James Howard Harris, Earl of Malmesbury, Viscount Fitz-Harris of Heron Court, in the county of Southampton, and Baron Malmesbury, in the county of Wilts, P.C., G.C.B., D.C.L., died at his seat, near Christchurch, on May 17. He was born March 25, 1807, the eldest son of James Edward, second Earl

(whose father, a diplomatist of the first rank, was created Earl of Malmesbury, Dec. 29, 1800), by Harriet Susan, his wife, daughter of Mr. Francis Bateman Dashwood, of Well Vale, in the county of Lincoln. He was educated at Eton and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1828, and was made an honorary D.C.L. of that college in 1853. He held the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from March to December, 1852, and from March, 1858, to April, 1859; and that of Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal from 1866 to 1868. He represented Wilton in Parliament as a Conservative from July to September, 1841. He was Honorary Colonel of the Hants Artillery Militia 1854 to 1884, and was a Magistrate for Southampton. His Lordship married first, April 13, 1830, Emma, only daughter of Charles Augustus, fifth Earl of Tankerville, which lady died May 17, 1876; and secondly, Nov. 1, 1880, Susan, daughter of the late Mr. John Hamilton, of Fyne Court, Somerset. Having left no issue, he is succeeded in the title by his nephew Edward James (who is the eldest son of Admiral the Honourable Sir Edward Harris, K.C.B.), now fourth Earl of Malmesbury. He was born April 12, 1842, and married, Nov. 16, 1870, Sylvia Georgina, daughter of Mr. Alexander Stewart, of Ballyedmond, in the county of Down, by whom he has issue, four sons and one daughter.

MR. DRUMMOND, OF MEGGINCH.

Mr. John Murray Drummond, of Megginch Castle, in the county of Perth, died suddenly, at his seat, near Errol, on May 16. He was born April 10, 1803, the eldest son of Admiral Sir Adam Drummond, R.N., K.C.H., of Megginch, by Lady Charlotte Murray, his wife, eldest daughter of John, fourth Duke of Athole, and widow of Sir John Menzies, Baronet. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and was formerly Captain in the Grenadier Guards. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Perthshire. He married, Nov. 20, 1835, Frances Jemima, fourth daughter of General Sir John Oswald, of Dunnikier, Fifeshire, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., and had, with a daughter, an only son, Malcolm, Captain Grenadier Guards, who was born March 2, 1856. The Drummonds of Megginch are descended from the Drummonds of Conraig, who sprang from the Thanes of Lennox, themselves scions of the noble house of Perth.

MRS. DALLAS GLYN.

The distinguished actress and elocutionist, Mrs. Dallas Glyn, died on May 18 at 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. She had been suffering for some time from cancer, and had been compelled to give up the elocutionary classes which she had held for so many years. Isabella Glyn was born at Edinburgh in 1825, and was brought up on strict Presbyterian principles. Chance led her, however, to undertake the principal part in an amateur performance at the St. James's Theatre, London, and she thus discovered her vocation. After studying in Paris for some time under M. Michelot, of the Conservatoire, she returned to London, and in 1846 began to devote herself to serious dramatic work. Under Mr. Charles Kemble she essayed several leading Shakspearean characters, and appeared with considerable success in the rôles of Lady Constance, Portia, and Hermione. Miss Glyn more recently gave frequent readings from Shakespeare both in London and the provinces, and in 1870 she went on a tour through the United States. Miss Glyn was married in 1853 to Mr. Dallas, who died in 1879.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain Charles Noel Hoare, R.N., on May 10, at his residence, No. 6, Bolton-street, Piccadilly, aged forty-nine.

Mr. Charles Thornton Townshend, eldest son of the Rev. Lord George Osborn Townshend, brother of the fourth Marquis Townshend, on May 13, at Broadstairs, in his fiftieth year.

Admiral Henry Samuel Hawker, R.N., on May 11, at Buckingham Palace-road, aged seventy-two. He was the fourth son of the late General Sir Samuel Hawker, Colonel 3rd Dragoon Guards; he entered the Navy in 1836.

The Hon. Mrs. Addington (Letitia Anne), widow of Major the Hon. Leonard Allen Addington, D.L., of Salcombe Hill, Devonshire (brother of the present Viscount Sidmouth), and third daughter of the late Mr. Erving Clark, of Efford Manor, Devon, on May 12, at Radclyffe, near Whimple.

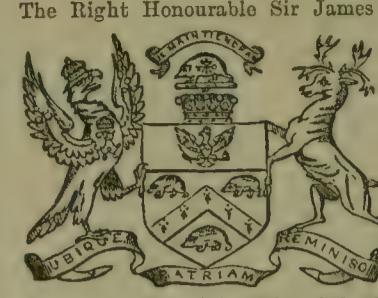
The Hon. Mrs. Noel (Jane), widow of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel (brother of Charles, first Earl of Gainsborough), and eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Baillie, of Dochfour, in the county of Inverness, on May 13, at Stanmore Manor House, in her ninetieth year.

Canon Evans, Professor of Greek in Durham University, at Weston-super-Mare, on May 16, from a bronchial affection. He matriculated in 1838, and in 1862 was appointed Professor of Greek at Durham University and Canon of Durham Cathedral. He was also made Proctor in Convocation for the Northern Provinces.

Mr. Henry William Chandler, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, and Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, on May 16. He succeeded the late Dean Mansell as Waynflete Professor. He took first class in classics, and graduated the same year. He was the author of a well-known work on Greek accents, and was held in high esteem not only by the members of his college, but throughout the university.

Mr. William Roxby Beverly, water-colour artist and scene-painter, recently, at South-hill, Hampstead, at a rather advanced age. Early in life, he became connected with the painting-rooms of several of the West-End theatres, and with the rise of the *Planché* extravaganza during the famous *Vestris* management at the Lyceum Theatre, from 1847 to 1855, obtained full scope for the display of his imaginative powers, which soon earned for him the title of "the Watteau of scene-painters." For many years he painted by far the greater part of the scenery used at Drury-Lane Theatre. Mr. Beverly was also a successful exhibitor at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions.

Thirteen steamers arrived at Liverpool in the week ending May 18 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 4419 cattle, 1939 sheep, and 13,072 quarters of beef. As compared with the imports of the previous week, these show an increase of 313 cattle, but a decrease of 7643 quarters of beef.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

PRIMROSES IN.

For a week or two back the primroses have been making bright and gay many a glade, and enlivening many an otherwise dull roadside prospect. As I write, their time is coming to an end, although for a week or two yet, there will be fresh blossoming here and there all over the land. Peter Bell's philosophy of a primrose is, unfortunately, that of the vast majority of folks around. I often wonder whether the young men and maidens who disport themselves in gorgeous array—much more elaborate, indeed, than the lilies of the field, although, like these flowers, many of the human units are not given much either to toil or to spin—ever give a thought to the somewhat wondrous history which the primroses they wear carry locked up within their yellow petals. I suppose, after all, that ordinary humanity mostly walks through this fair world with its eyes shut to the real beauties of life. There is a beauty in living things which lies deeper than the mere harmony of colour or elegance of form. This is the fairness one sees in the wondrous adjustment of means to ends, and in Dame Nature's wonderful contrivances to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number of her children. Once upon a time, I happened to be strolling through a large and extensive orchid-house. A little boy, who was deeply interested in his father's flowers, had been questioning me regarding the quirks and cranks of orchid-life, and had been much exercised over the curious contrivances whereby these quaint flowers are fertilised. At last his wonderment found vent in an expression of opinion that these flowers "were up to all sorts of dodges in fertilising"; and the child's remark really put the whole matter in a nutshell. For the world of flowers is full of interest in respect of its relations to the insect-world, and even to the winds of heaven; and our primrose, in its own way, is not the least notable of the plants which illustrate and exemplify this remark.

First of all, let us note the structure of a primrose-flower. There is the green cup outside, which is known as the calyx; then comes the blossom composed of five united petals, and named the corolla (co). Within the flower we find the little bodies called stamens (a) which secrete the yellow dust or pollen used in fertilising the plant. Finally, in the centre of the flower, we see the pistil, or seed-producing organ. This consists of a little round body, the ovary (containing the seeds), set on the end of the flower-stalk (see ov in the illustration); of a stalk, the style rising from the "ovary"; and of a little button-like head, the stigma (st). The "stigma" is destined to receive the "pollen" or fertilising dust which affects the ovules in the ovary below, and by fertilising them converts them into seeds. A slight examination of primroses will teach us that there are two different and distinct kinds of flowers included in this species of plant; and a glance at our Illustration will make us familiar with the differences in question. At A we see the first kind of primrose. When we divide the flower lengthwise, we notice that its style is very long, and that the stigma (st) comes right up to the top of the opening in the middle of the blossom. Notice, also, that in this flower the stamens (a) are placed about half-way down within the tube. The other flower (B) has the position of things reversed. In it the style is short, so that the stigma (st) reaches only half-way up in the flower, while the stamens (a) are placed quite at the top of the blossom. Hence it is natural to speak of our two kinds of primroses as "long-styled" (A) and "short-styled" ones (B); or, to use the children's names for them, there are "pin-eyed" and "thrum-eyed" flowers.

You never find the two kinds of primroses growing on one and the same root. Each plant has its flowers of one kind only; they are either all long-styled or all short-styled blossoms. Naturally, we are led to inquire into the meaning of this contrivance. A piece of mechanism is presented to notice in this brief history of primrose-structure, and that history suggests that there must exist a reason for the arrangement we have noted. But it was not until 1862 that the true polity of a primrose was explained; and no less a master mind than that of Darwin was fated to throw light on the meaning of the short-styled and long-styled flowers. To understand clearly what Darwin then discovered, we must refer to the work of flower-fertilisation. Pollen from the stamens (a) is placed on the stigma (st); and, as we have seen, by fertilising the ovules in the ovary (ov), converts them into seeds. Now, it might seem to be the most natural thing in the world that each flower should fertilise itself, seeing that it possesses both stamens and pistil within its own blossom. So far, however, is this from the real state of things, that, as Darwin taught us, Dame Nature desires just the opposite procedure to be carried out in primrose-history. In other words, what is aimed at here is that there shall be an exchange of pollen; and that pollen from the long-styled flowers (A) shall be carried to the short-styled flowers (B), and vice versa. This is what we call cross-fertilisation, as distinguished from self-fertilisation, which happens when a flower uses its own pollen to fertilise its own ovules.

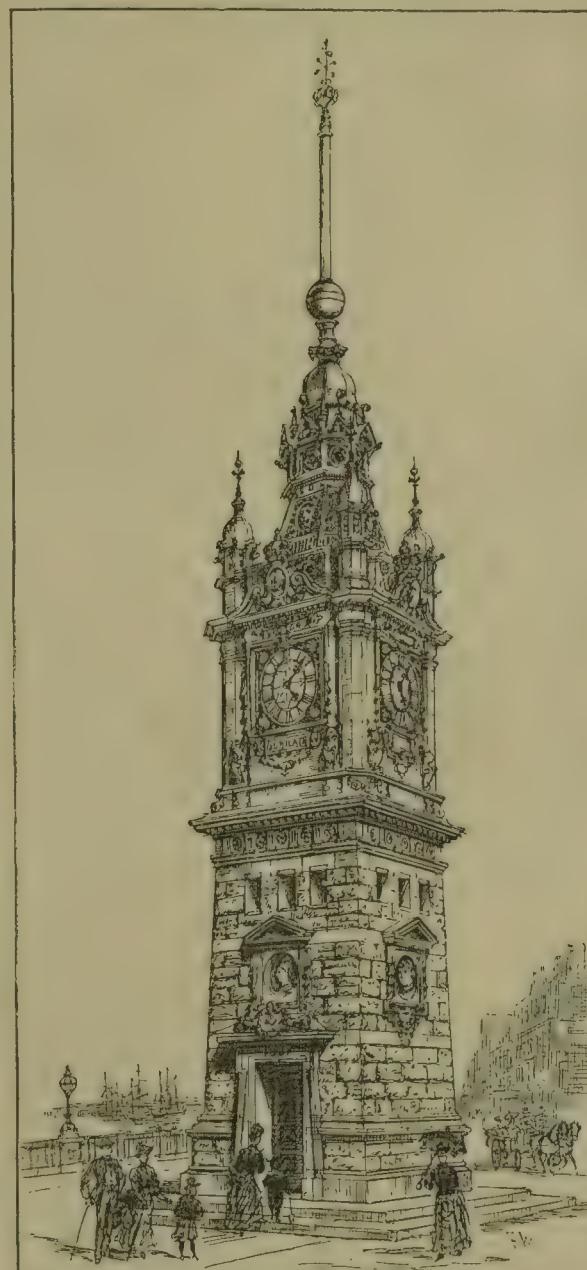
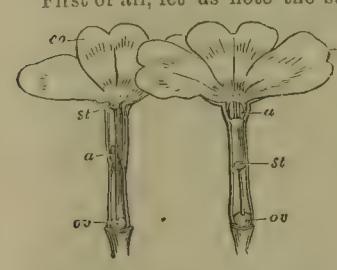
The primroses call in the assistance of bees to effect this exchange. The insects are offered a free breakfast-table in the shape of the honey of the flower. Let us note what the bee does when engaged in seeking food, and at the same time in cross-fertilising, unconsciously to itself, the primroses of the species. Suppose the bee visits the long-styled flower (A) first of all. Its tongue dips into the blossom to gain the honey, and in so doing becomes dusted with pollen at about its middle part by the low-lying stamens (a). If now the bee visits a short-styled flower (B), and similarly inserts its tongue therein, we see at once that its pollen-laden middle part will just strike the stigma (st) of that flower. Thus, first of all, pollen from the one flower (A) has been conveyed to the other flower (B) to fertilise the latter. This is not all, however. In visiting the short-styled flower (B) the insect's tongue gets dusted with pollen near the base or head-end of the tongue from the high-placed stamens (a). So when next the insect visits a long-styled flower (A), it is easy to see that the pollen-dust from the short-styled blossom will be left on the stigma (st) of the long-styled flower (A). A double exchange is thus effected, and the one flower is fertilised by the pollen of the other. Finally, we may note that it is almost impossible to fertilise a primrose with its own pollen. Nature demands cross-fertilisation, and is in this case practically barren and sterile with self-fertilisation. The reason for this is found in the plain fact that we get more seeds and healthier offspring with cross-fertilisation than with self-fertilisation. It is only another fashion, this, of showing forth the advantages of new blood as a condition of healthy life; and our primrose, viewed in this light, teaches us anew a great and universal law of life at large.—ANDREW WILSON.

JUBILEE CLOCK-TOWER, MARGATE.

A clock-tower has been erected by public subscription on the Esplanade at Margate in celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee. The project was started in the year 1887 by the Mayor, Mr. Hermitage; a committee was formed, and designs were invited in competition; upwards of sixty sets of plans were submitted, and those by Mr. Cheers, of Twickenham, were selected and adopted.

The tower is faced with white Portland stone, having a rusticated sloping basement storey of blue Kentish rag. The total height of the edifice is between 70 ft. and 80 ft. The four clock-faces have enamelled plate-glass dials for illumination at night, and the bells are placed in the roof, which is of ornamental open ironwork, giving free emission to the sound. There are portrait medallions, in terra-cotta, by Messrs. Doulton, of her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, in architectural panels on three sides of the first stage of the tower, the fourth side being filled with an inscription tablet, having the borough arms, commemorating the event and the object of the work.

The clock has been made by Messrs. Potts and Sons, of Leeds; it has all the latest improvements, including a time-



JUBILEE CLOCK-TOWER, MARGATE.

ball at the summit, which drops at midday; and the hours and quarters are struck on a fine peal of bells ringing the Cambridge chimes.

The total cost, including carving, clock, bells, time-ball, and foundations of the building, which had to be carried down 20 ft. to the chalk in cement concrete, has not exceeded the sum of £1300 complete.

A Canadian team will come to Wimbledon this year, under the command of Colonel Bacon, Secretary of the Dominion Rifle Association.

Nearly 10,000 of the metropolitan Volunteers assembled on May 18 to carry out brigade movements under the new mobilisation scheme. One body was mustered at Wimbledon, where a long series of manoeuvres was gone through, and another in Hyde Park, which was reviewed by Colonel the Hon. W. Home.

A special meeting of the Court of Common Council was held on May 16, at Guildhall, to make arrangements for the presentation of the freedom of the City of London to Prince George of Wales. It was resolved that the freedom of the City should be conferred on Prince George in the Guildhall on Saturday, June 1, the Lord Mayor subsequently entertaining the Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness at luncheon at the Mansion House.

Works of art for the New Zealand Exhibition, 1889-90, must be delivered at the Exhibition buildings between Sept. 1 and Oct. 15 of this year. Applications for space may be obtained from the secretary at Dunedin. The classification of fine-art exhibits includes sculpture, modelling, paintings in oil and water colours, drawings in monochrome and pastel; engravings, etchings, lithographs, and prints; photographs, architectural and engineering designs; artistic work in metal, tapestry, embroidery, &c. An Art Union of £5000 will be held.

A deputation of managers of theatres attended at the Home Office on May 17 to represent the benefits which accrued to children employed in theatres, and to their families. Mr. Irving, Mr. A. Harris, and others, described the care that was taken of the health and education of the children, and the pleasure they found in their work. In the absence of Mr. Matthews, Mr. Stuart-Wortley said this matter must be decided by the weight of public opinion, and he doubted whether the public would support a crusade against the employment of children in pantomimes. The Home Secretary would give the matter his greatest attention.

A GAME AT CHESS.

Our club had been so flourishing of late that when Mr. Strivens proposed the game of chess as an addition to our other amusements, the motion was carried unanimously. It was supposed in some way to mark intellectual progress on our part; the simple sports of dominoes and bagatelle no longer sufficed for our mental recreation, and chess was well known to exercise the highest faculties of the mind. For once the voice of our regular opposition was silent, and its friend and ally, our habitual obstructionist, took the unprecedented step of seconding the motion. The purchase of board and men was not, however, followed by all we anticipated. The laws of the game were maintained with a vigour leading to many breaches of club rules, and some members, for the sake of mutual peace, had to agree to play no more. A few who tried to learn the moves gave up in despair, and roundly abused the committee for introducing abstruse studies into the list of pastimes. Strivens alone seemed to be really benefited, for he enthusiastically devoted himself to the practice of chess, and soon became our best player. He beat the Rector, who, it was known, could solve problems three times in succession. He and the board were inseparable friends, and we grew not a little vain of his skill. Our new departure, after all, was not in vain—it had created a chess genius.

The announcement that Mr. Oldborough, the local doctor, was coming one night to try his hand, aroused in us feelings akin to those with which one sees a fly walk into a spider's web; but we turned up in good numbers to enjoy the fun. The Doctor a little late, found everything ready to begin on his arrival, and with the faint suspicion of a smile received Strivens's generous offer of the first move. Like all his profession he hated irregularities, and having commenced with P to K 4th, leisurely wiped his glasses to prepare for further action. Our champion evidently meant business, a moment's cogitation decided his reply, in a few minutes the attack was in his hands, and chivalry had met its reward. The crushing combination was now in preparation, it could be read in the knitted brows, the hovering fingers and the tightly-gripped chin. To those who knew what was coming the doctor's unconsciousness of impending doom seemed pitiful. The Bishop was to be sacrificed, followed by check with the Knight, and then mate. Had we not each in turn fallen a victim to the deadly strategy? White's play was provokingly erratic. He made several moves denounced by the books as bad, but with the effect of thwarting Black's little arrangement, and causing him visible discomfiture. Strivens laid down his pipe, changed his position, and gazed absorbently at the board. Random chess is always embarrassing, and at this stage seemed particularly so.

Somewhat the tide of battle was turned, the attack changed into defence, and Black made no progress. We did not apprehend any danger, even when he knocked his chair over after one of White's haphazard blows, although the next move caused us a little anxiety because our man did not, in the language of the prize-ring, "come up smiling" from its effects. He pondered much, but made no reply, until the Doctor, impatient at delay, adopted the irritating expedient of reading a paper. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. Goaded beyond endurance, Black at last made up his mind with such effect that his opponent, to the accompaniment of an audible chuckle, announced mate on the move. A thunderbolt from a blue sky would have been less startling in its effects on Strivens. He stared mechanically at the ruins of his game, and continued to do so long after everyone had said good-night. Our confidence in his abilities was shaken, nor was an opportunity afforded of further testing them. A casual allusion to the contest the next evening led to our friend's resignation, and our chess since has been, if more enjoyable, admittedly less scientific.

OPTICAL TORQUE.

The discourse at the Royal Institution on May 17 was given by Professor S. P. Thompson on "Optical Torque," in the course of which he experimentally drew attention to some of the work which has engaged him during the last seven years. He briefly alluded to the study of polarised light since 1845, and to some of the attempts to get at an explanation of the meaning of the phenomena now so popularly known.

The somewhat unfamiliar term "optical torque" was, he mentioned, borrowed from the engineer. He applied it to the twisting of the direction of the movement of light-waves. It included more than the study of right and left handed polarisation, for it was found that, under certain conditions, even unpolarised light was subject to torque. While his chief aim had been to get at what might be called the mechanical explanation of what really happened to the light-waves, there were practical bearings which made the study one of commercial as well as of scientific importance. The polariscope is used as a test in the process of the manufacture of sugar, and to get an exact polarimetre is therefore a great consideration; not only the broad fact of right or left handed polarisation is now insufficient, but the amount of rotation measured in degrees is wanted. On the scientific side of the study he had carried his researches into the invisible parts of the spectrum, and he found that waves of invisible light were subject to torque as well as the visible. Referring to Newton's table of colours of different orders, he showed how the number of degrees of rotation are measured, which change the colour of light transmitted through a polariser from one tint to another. With regard to the great puzzle of ordinary white light, he thought that the probable explanation is that it is either not polarised at all or polarised in miscellaneous ways.

Mr. Thomas H. Sherman has been appointed American Consul in Liverpool, in succession to the Hon. C. T. Russell.

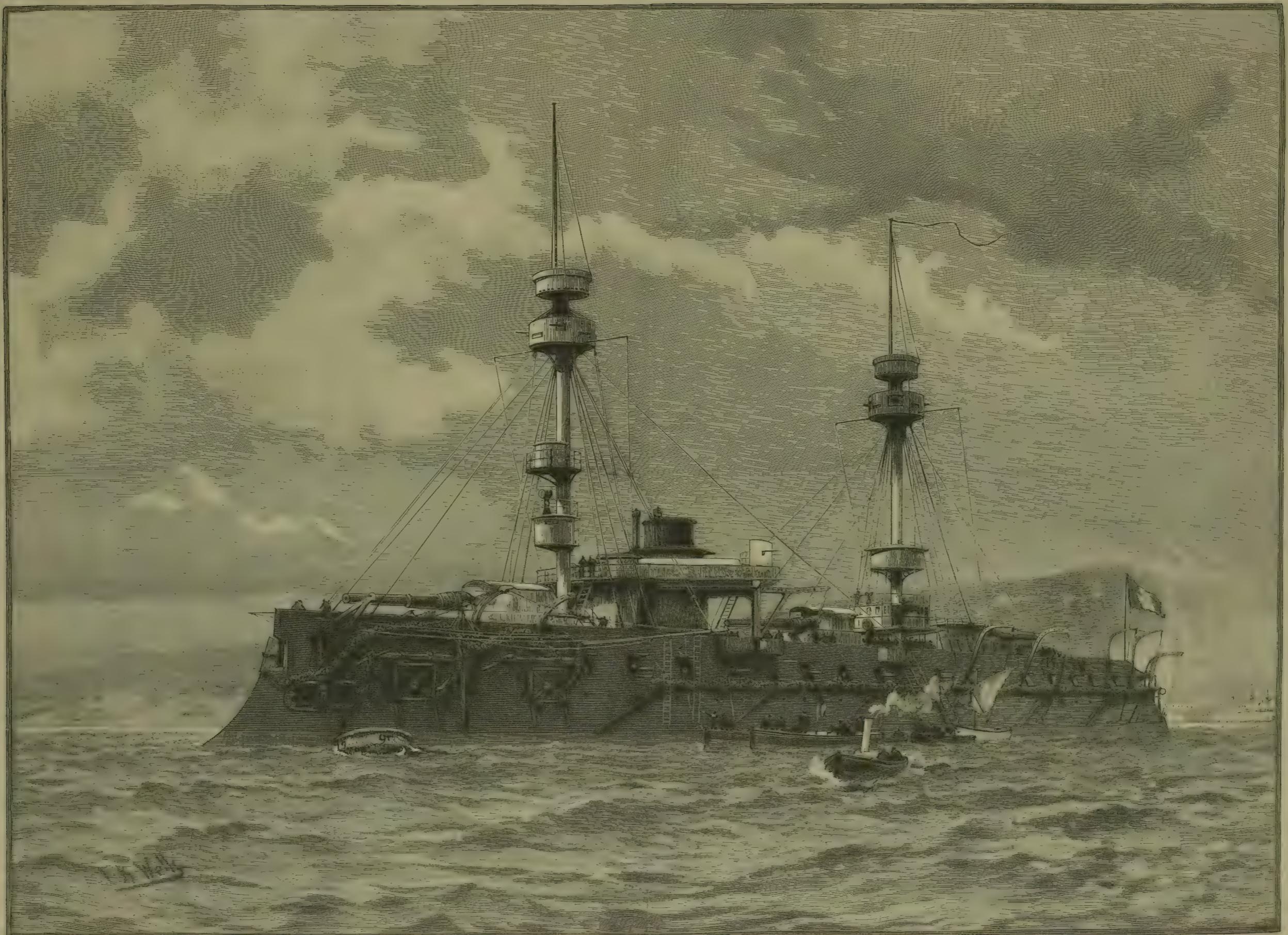
The Grocers' Company have contributed £100 and the Company of Merchant Taylors 10 guineas to the funds of the Ragged School Union.

The dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund on Saturday, June 1, at the Hôtel Métropole, will be presided over by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The list of stewards comprises members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of Parliament, and eminent representatives of literature, science, and art. Herr Wilhelm Ganz has undertaken the musical arrangements.

The Court of Appeal has decided that Lady Sandhurst is not entitled to sit on the London County Council, and affirms Mr. Beresford-Hope's right to the seat hitherto held by her for the Brixton Division. The judgment unanimously pronounced virtually disposes of the claim of women to sit on the County Councils. The six Judges were at one in holding that women are not capable of being elected.

Mr. James Sterndale Bennett, M.A. (son of the late Sir J. Sterndale Bennett), has been appointed head-master of Derby School, in succession to the late Rev. Walter Clarke. He was exhibitioner at St. John's College, Cambridge, and eighteenth wrangler in 1869. He was seven years assistant-master at Sherborne School, and for the last nine years has been mathematical lecturer at King's College, London.





TYPES OF THE FRENCH NAVY: THE AMIRAL BAUDIN.

THE DUTCH CAROUSEL.

You are standing in that pretty room in the Huis Ten Bosch where hangs the pleasant portrait of the historian of "The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic." A party of holiday folk from Rotterdam are staring open-eyed at the *objets de luxe*, and listening open-eared to the regulation guide-drawl of the buxom housekeeper. But the beauties of the pretty palace in the wood soon pall upon you, and it is quite a relief to step out through the glass doorway into the fresh spring air. In the little clearing or place in front of the Huis are three or four flies filled with excursionists from the Hague. In each fly is a somewhat hard-featured mamma plainly dressed as to skirt and torso, but gorgeous as to bonnet; for the Dutch goodwife, as the schoolboys have it, most distinctly "takes it out" in headgear, if otherwise of a thrifty turn. Yet the children are in all cases decked with rosettes of tricoloured or orange ribbon, sometimes even with both tricolour and orange, both "King and country" being the watchword of the day. However, you have by this time settled yourself on the seat of your somewhat-dowdy landau, and are bowling away through the wood towards the Hague.

The sunlight streams brightly through the trees, the birds sing away as if for a St. Giles's match, and a couple of little Dutchmen, imbued with a proper spirit of loyal festivity, stand on their bullet heads and pathetically clap their *sabots* together in the air. Coming out of the twilight of the wood a pretty scene enough lies before you. On the tree-belted *reinde* high carnival is being held, and if honest Teniers could play the "spook" (a Dutch word, too, by-the-way) he would, perhaps, indulge in one of his broadest grins of delight in seeing how in this miserable nineteenth century his worthy countrymen still kept holiday in the good old way. See at yonder stall a crowd of youngsters grasp in their chubby, dirty hands the pence with which to purchase the luscious dumpling-pancakes which for centuries upon centuries have been the joy of the Hollander. As to greasy poles, there are more than a score of them. At the foot of the nearest stands a pair of girls, with tight-fitting cambric caps, flaxen curls over their foreheads, and the curious gold blinkers that for years upon years have been heirlooms in the trim, quaint farmhouses by the Zuyder Zee. The climbers for the most part wear orange-coloured or orange-striped shirts and grey trousers. Close beside them, too, is one of those quaint pantomime figures which one so often comes across in the drinking scenes of the old Dutch Masters—a figure combining in itself all the costumes of the modern harlequinade. Now elbowing his way through the smoking, chattering throng is a sturdy fisherman from the near-by coast, clad in loose check jumper, short trousers, and big *sabots*.

Looking in the faces of the honest holiday-folk you can see clearly enough where Jan Steen and Teniers found their models. There is a dry, humorous shrewdness in the half-comical rough-hewn features. They are decidedly "Boors Revelling"; but they are only revellers on this particular birthday feast, and there is not the slightest sign whatever of the habitual drunkard about them. White-capped Trintje from the farm, square-shouldered fishermaids, grin and laugh heartily with no affected giggles. They laugh sometimes, as the saying goes, at their own laughter, but there is never an ill-favoured sneer at the merriment of others. The hy-no-means smartly set-up Hussars, too, lounging about with their clumsy busbies and blue nether garments, have little of that somewhat offensive coxcombry which sometimes so much helps to spoil the fine fellows of our own Household troops. All is honest fun and harmless, unaffected frolic.

Driving on through the Langeveldt the throng of holiday-folk almost blocks the roadway. Gay orange-coloured flags and the national tricolour hang from almost every window. The bright bunting, the fresh spring foliage of the trees, the gaudily painted booths, what with bright sun and blue sky, and clean white paint and well pointed brickwork, all help to make a quaint and cheery scene, well worthy of the brush of any but a morbidly low tone, self-complacent exhibitor in the year's Salon. Now turning round by the grand hotel corner you find yourself in the Place in the very midst of all the fun of the Kermis. Here can you squander your hard-earned little cent-pieces shooting at the lively swinging puppets (and surely, if your eyes do not deceive you, one of these must be intended for the figure of a British warrior? Alas! for the Boer war and its tragic, unsatisfactory memories). Further on, in the very centre of the road, a puppet-show is set up, in which a couple of little figures are danced through a representation of a return home from a carnival. As you never yet saw in your life a marionette who was steady on his legs, the difficulty of depicting a gentleman in an advanced state of refreshment is not perhaps so great as at first sight might appear. However, the performance is altogether of a very skilful and satisfactory character, the puppet being seized with a morbid craving for divesting himself of any superfluous garments, and at length appearing in that particular costume in which Mr. Pecksniff gave his famous oration when standing on the landing of Mrs. Todger's boarding house. But a lady carrying a squab, phlegmatic infant now accosts you, saucer in hand, in which you drop a gratefully received ten-cent piece. Look around you once again. Take a glance at that noble inscription, "La Transparente Fille" (who the lady may be and what language the legend is supposed to be written in you know not), although curiosity may not be so violent as to lead you to squandering two cents for entering the booth.

And now drive away through the old prison gate-house on the way to Scheveningen. Really, some of the shop-windows in the business quarter are very prettily and tastefully arranged. Clusters of tall candles are set amidst tanks of ferns and gorgeous flowering azaleas. Along, too, the brick sidewalks orange-coloured posts are set up with festoons of glass lamps hanging between them. In many windows also busts of the old King are to be seen surrounded by greenery. Yet the hubbub in the streets is almost distracting. It is with a sigh of pleasure you drive round the triumphal group in the park to find yourself in the charming, all-famous road, that leads to the great pleasure camp on the Dunes. How cool and fresh the smart, handsome villas look in their setting of flowering shrubs and spring foliage! The house of the great painter, the house of the great Scotch millionaire: these familiar landmarks of the world of fashion, frippery and folly, how much pleasanter they are now than in the glaring heat of the season, when the grey sands of Scheveningen are alive with the *frou-frou* of skirts and that restless feverish tumult when the *mode s'amuse*.

It is evening and the sunset is on the sea. You are standing in front of the now silent Kurhaus. The rough fisher-boats are coming in one by one. Slowly you follow the honest toilers as they clump, wooden shod, along the narrow street of the old quarter. A few candles are set alight in most of the small windows. The burden of an old sea-song is borne on the salt air.

The "Kermis" lights brighten the sky above the distant Hague. Another cigar, and then turn in for the night and good-bye to the modern Dutch revel. A. T. P.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G W S.—There is one at Lavender-hill, Battersea, S.W. Write to Mr. Plummer, the secretary.

COLUMBUS.—No; it is quite right.

H C BRIGGS (Suffolk).—The author of the note is one of the first of living authorities on the Scotch Gambit, and we certainly agree with his opinion. The gain of the piece is insufficient compensation for such a bad position.

J G HANKIN, J G GRANT, and C M A B.—The continuation is 2. Kt to Q Kt 6th (ch), K moves; 3. B mates accordingly.

ROSS.—James Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

D W E.—Something omitted in your description. Send the position on a diagram, and we will try and find it for you.

L DESANGES.—Many thanks. Problems under examination. You shall have a report soon.

A FOXALL.—The defence you propose forms part of the author's solution.

A F MACKENZIE.—We are obliged for the slips of your chess column, and should be glad to see them regularly.

** A gentleman wishes to play a game by correspondence. Applications to be made to the Editor of this column.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2350 received from Charles Etherington, John G Grant, E J Gibbs, P R Gibbs, J W Shaw (Montreal), W Vernon Arnold, W H Griffith (New York), An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), and W F Schaefer (Newcastle); of No. 2351 from A R Wilson, Nellie, E Bohmstedt, and Jack Twells (Dublin); of No. 2352 from J Ross (Whitney), W H Reed (Liverpool), Charles Burnett, E M Miller, W O Sillar, U G Union Club, E Bohmstedt, and L K De Fries (Grouw).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2353 received from G J Vale, Dr F St. Julia Short, R N Banks, Charles Worrall, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), E Louder, Thomas Chown, R Worters (Canterbury), D McCoy (Galway), Charles Burnett, Dawn J Coast, R W Winfield Cooper, T Roberts, J T W, R H Brooks, Alpha, Martin F, J Foxall, W H Reed (London), E E H, Quarter Junior, Rev J D, J R, J R, J R, J R, Fernando (Dublin), J D Tucker (Leeds), C E Ferguson, A Bechler (Alost), J Howard, J Shadforth, J Ross (Whitney), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Columbus, W H Railton, D Mahoney (Birkenhead), W H Reed (Liverpool), S B Tallantyre, W Hughes (Ross), R F II, O J Gibbs (Coventry), L K De Fries (Grouw), Thomas Pattinson (Waterfoot), and L Desanges.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2351.—By MRS. BIRKETT.

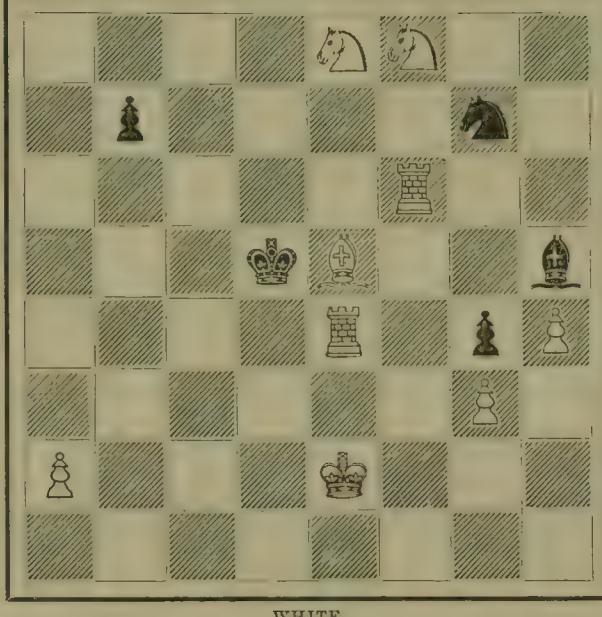
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 2nd	K to K 4th
2. Kt to B 3rd (ch)	K moves
3. Kt to R 5th. Mate.	

If Black play 1. Kt to Q 4th, then 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2355.

By SIGNOR ASPA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Messrs. MAX JUDD and TSCHIGORIN.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. R to Kt 2nd	P to R 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	21. R to R 3rd	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. B takes P, K to Kt sq; 23. B takes P;	
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. B takes P, K to R 3rd, Kt to R 4th;	
5. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	25. Q to Kt 6th (ch), K moves; 26. R to R 5th,	
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	and wins. Black has other defences; but none to save the game.	
7. P to B 5th	Kt to Q R 4th	27. B to Kt 5th	K to Kt sq

After this, Black must exchange Kt for B, and so open the Q R file. We should have preferred Q to K 2nd, followed by B to Q 2nd, with the option of castling afterwards on either side.

8. B to Kt 3rd Kt takes B
9. R P takes Kt P to B 3rd
10. Q to K 2nd B to Kt 3rd
11. B to Kt 5th

Black's game is now greatly hampered.
11. B to B 2nd
Q to K 2nd, at once, followed by B to Q 8d, seems a saving of time.

12. Castles Q to K 2nd
13. K to R sq B to Q 2nd

The Bishops are now badly posted; P to Kt 4th affording scope for the action of the Q B seems better.

14. P to Q Kt 4th R to Q sq
15. Q to B 2nd B to B sq
16. Q R to K sq Castles
17. P to Kt 4th

A good move, giving life to a dull game.

17. Q R to K sq
18. R to K Kt sq K to R sq
19. Q to R 4th B to Q sq

And Black resigns.

In the City of London Chess Club Mr. Mocatta and Mr. Anger have generously presented three special handicap prizes, for which a lively contest has commenced. The competitors are Mr. Anger, Mr. J. H. Clark (president), Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Alexandre, Mr. Bechhofer, Mr. H. Heritage, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. F. C. Gooding.

At the sale of the pictures from Rathafarn Hall, Ruthin, which took place at Messrs. Foster's in Pall-mall, a half-length portrait of a lady, by Romney, was bought by Mr. Charles Wertheimer for £2850. It was put up at fifty guineas.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns has renewed his lectures in the Egyptian and Assyrian galleries of the British Museum in order to show the flood of light the invaluable antiquities there collected throw upon the historical Scriptures. His first lecture was given on May 22.

The entries of live stock and farm produce for the great Agricultural Exhibition to be held by the Royal Agricultural Society in Windsor Great Park in June, have closed; and we are able to give the summary figures of the entries. The figures given show that the Windsor Meeting will be the most memorable agricultural exhibition ever held. The entries of live stock and produce are far in excess of any previous occasion in the history of the society. No fewer than 996 horses, 1644 cattle, 1109 sheep, and 265 pigs have been entered, making a total of 4014 live stock, as compared with 1875 last year at Nottingham, and 2874 at Kilburn in 1879. The entries of poultry (861) are more than twice as numerous as on any other occasion; and there are 119 entries of corn, 183 of wool, 165 of cheese, 283 of butter, 90 of cider and Perry, 54 of hops, 24 of jams and preserved fruits, and 276 of livers and honey—making a total of 1194 entries of farm and dairy produce.

THE FRENCH NAVY.

Continuing our Illustrations of the French Navy, we give an Engraving of the Amiral Baudin, an iron and steel barbette-ship, with two screws.

The Amiral Baudin was built in Brest, and launched in 1883. She has a length of 319 feet, and breadth of 70 feet; and a displacement of 11,200 tons. This formidable-looking man-of-war is armed with three 75-ton guns, and sixteen machine-guns; and she can command a speed of fifteen knots.

The strength of the French Mediterranean Squadron will be vividly brought home by the series of engravings we are publishing of these powerful ironclads. That the appearance of these illustrations is timely is obvious when Lord Charles Beresford and other Naval reformers have been lustily demanding that the British fleet shall be equal to the fleet of France and of one other Continental Power.

A VIEW IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The great region of parallel mountain ranges, with numerous intersecting spurs and branches, which extends fifteen hundred miles in length, and two hundred miles in breadth, along the northern frontier of India, rising to such heights as that of Mount Everest, 29,000 ft., or Kinchinjunga and Dhawalagiri, one or two thousand feet less, presents much forest scenery, at lower levels, resembling that of the European highlands. Firs, pines, and larches grow in very elevated situations; the oak, the birch, the chestnut, the willow, alder, and sycamore are found on slopes 8000 ft. above the sea; and many of our common wild flowers and wild fruits are there in abundance. The foliage of these woods has an aspect more familiar to our countrymen than any other Indian scenery; but the views of the massive features of Himalayan mountain structure, though not so diversified and picturesque as those of the Alps, command the sense of awe by sheer bulk and altitude, and by the vast expanse of gleaming snows that fills the northern or eastern horizon. At a distance even of eighty or a hundred miles, this is an imposing sight, and it becomes most impressive by the nearer approach.

THE SOUTH-WEST LONDON POLYTECHNIC.

The meeting held on May 15 at Grosvenor House to enlist the sympathy of the West-End in favour of a Polytechnic Institute for South-west London was distinguished by the quality of the speeches. The Duke of Westminster, who took the chair, having briefly explained the object for which the meeting was called, referred to Lord Cadogan's generous offer of a site for the building, for which £30,000 had been already subscribed, and only £20,000 more was required. Lord Crosse, who followed, in a long speech which showed his complete knowledge and great interest in the subject, pointed out that the two dangers to be avoided, the one, the substitution of the "Polytechnic," or any form of technical school, for the workshop, where true training as a craftsman could alone be acquired; the other, the encroaching of the gymnasium element, after the model of the German Turnverein. Whilst, however, admitting gymnastics as an essential feature of a Polytechnic, he wished them to be placed under the supervision of a qualified professor. Mr. A. Balfour thought that the training of technical schools gave men more interest in their work, and would do much to prevent their becoming mere machines wholly dependent upon the directions of their employers. Sir Henry Roscoe insisted with much force on the introduction of manual training and eye training as underlying the theory and principles of trade. In technical schools the object to be kept in view was the perfection attainable in the making of an article; whilst in the workshop the economy of production was the chief aim. Speaking from his own knowledge and experience he expressed his belief that these Polytechnics, of which there was room for several round London, would be kept up by the people—many workmen having expressed their readiness to tax themselves to the extent of 1d. in the £ of their wages with that object. Sir Edmund Currie spoke of the progress made at the East-End of London, where already the Government grants earned by the students from the Science and Art Department amounted to over £5000; and so great had been the advance in the standard that he expected to see this sum doubled next year. Lord Baring spoke with regret of the backwardness of England in technical education; and Lord Cadogan, in acknowledging the vote of thanks for his munificence, let it be understood that he was prepared to go still further in promoting the scheme. On all sides it was admitted that it would be little short of a scandal if the wealthy classes of the West-End represented at the meeting allowed the South-West London Polytechnic to fall through for the lack of £20,000.

The marriage of the Duke of Portland and Miss Dallas Yorke is fixed to take place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on June 17.

The monthly general meeting of the Zoological Society was held on May 16, at the society's house, in Hanover-square, Professor A. Newton, F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Amongst the additions to the society's menagerie in April were specially noticed a young male Sinaiat Ibex from Mount Sinai, presented by Sir James Anderson, and a young male specimen of the lesser Koodoo from East Africa, presented by Mr. George S. Mackenzie, F.Z.S. The council announced to the meeting that they had awarded the silver medal of the society to Dr. E. D. Dickson, an old and valued corresponding member of the society, in acknowledgment of his scientific collections forwarded to the society. The council have made arrangements that the great poultry show of the Poultry Club for the present year shall be held in the vacant ground in the north part of the society's gardens, on Sept. 11, 12, and 13 next.

The annual distribution of prizes in the faculty of medicine at University College was made on May 16 by the treasurer, Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P. Professor Marcus Beck, the Dean, read the report, showing that during the year 340 students attended the classes for the medical faculty and the practice of the hospital, ninety-nine being new students, an increase as compared with the previous year. Of a total of 207 who passed the various medical examinations of the University of London, forty-two, or 20 per cent, were from University College. Sir Robert Fowler then distributed the prizes. Gold medals were taken by Mr. T. L. Pennell, of London, in surgery, clinical medicine (Fellowes' medal), and clinical surgery (Liston gold medal); also by Mr. E. W. Selby, of Lewisham (physiology); Mr. H. A. Ballance, of London (anatomy); and Mr. L. E. Hill, of Reading (medicine). Entrance exhibitions had been awarded to Mr. T. W. Wesley, of London, £100; Mr. C. G. Spencer, of New Zealand, £60; Mr. B. L. Abrahams, of London, £40. The Atchison Scholarship (£60 per annum for two years) was taken by Mr. T. L. Pennell, of London; and the Atkinson Morley Scholarship (£45 per annum for three years) by Mr. W. H. Tate, of London. In addressing the students subsequently, Sir R. Fowler congratulated those who had taken medals. He would, however, say that only a small difference separated the unsuccessful from the successful.



A VIEW IN THE HIMALAYAS.

A MISTY DAY ON CROAGH PATRICK.

It rained all the way from Leenane to Westport, a distance of about eighteen miles. As for view, I saw nothing but the ribs of my umbrella, and never exchanged a word with my fellow-travellers, a lady and gentleman, who declined to converse with a stranger. Before breakfast, I had ruefully contemplated the giant head of Meeleera, wrapped in mist, and sending down torrents of water from its mysterious heights, 2688 feet in the clouds. A pair of wretched-looking horses were deputed to transport us to Westport, one of which had learned the aggressive use of his hind legs, and gave us a specimen of his temper at starting; it may have been a protest against the journey, the company, or the weather; but, after this display, he did his work well. It was a miserable journey, through as desolate and cheerless a region of moor and bog as can well be pictured. Out of mud cabins by the roadside I noticed some half-famished peasants idly hanging about, their cheeks as bloodless as the loafers to be seen about the "pubs" of St. Giles's.

For a long time I had been desirous of accomplishing the ascent of Croagh Patrick, and, though the season was early, resolved not to miss the opportunity afforded by my visit; the uncertainty of the weather, however, made the experiment somewhat doubtful. Wet to the skin, tired, hungry, and with bones aching from innumerable jolts, we arrived at the Hotel Westport. I met my fellow-traveller and his wife at dinner. A bag-man and a couple of squires sat down with us; their conversation was ostentatious and boastful, calculated, no doubt, to impress strangers with their importance, but failing utterly in my case. The French Exhibition, the Eiffel Tower, and foreign travel were the topics; not a word about Ireland, its distress and abject condition; not a word about agitators or Home Rule. After dinner my fellow-travellers rudely rose from the table and sought their rooms, just as they do in the second-class boarding-houses near Russell-square. These were the worst specimens of the repellent English I ever encountered: too stupid to speak and too ignorant to learn.

Next morning I rose early, and, to my delight, found the sun shining with as much vigour and warmth as in an Italian sky; the atmosphere was unusually clear after the late downpour. I rambled about the little town and found nothing but poverty and miserable dwellings. There was a hopeless expression on every face I encountered and an entire absence of buoyancy, once the chief characteristic of the Irish peasantry. I sought the sea through the Marquis of Sligo's beautiful grounds, a lovely spot in spite of neglect. At the end of this pretty wood I found wharves and warehouses on a scale large enough for a big city, but silent and in ruins; the corroding hand of decay pressed heavily on everything. From the old-fashioned quay, sad monument of departed commerce, I could get no view of the islands of Clew Bay; whether because the place stands low, or the islands high, I cannot say; the top of Croagh Patrick, however, was clearly visible, only on its towering summit a night-cap of white vapour rested, which increased my misgiving. I engaged a car to take me to the foot of the peak, about four miles from the town. I returned to the hotel; the housemaids had not begun their work, though near eight o'clock. With great difficulty and ringing of bells I aroused "Boots." The waiter was too dignified to appear so early, he generally executed his duties by deputy. "Boots" proved sympathetic; he assured

me that we should have "a fine day between showers." I was somewhat consoled, but not assured, by this asseveration; though I found afterwards that his veracity as a weather prophet was unimpeachable. After swallowing some bad coffee and excellent trout, I armed myself with flask, sandwiches, and a light waterproof, and set out. While driving to the place, I could not keep my eyes from wandering towards the distant cloud-capped giant I meant to scale. After the heavy rain I expected the mountain side would be a perfect bog; but, nothing daunted, set out with as light a heart as I could muster.

Croagh Patrick does not overhang the sea, as many of the legends of the saint would imply; it stands back more than a mile from the water. Viewed from its base the mountain is stripped of much of its grandeur, appearing only a solitary cone on a long range of hills. The cloud still rested on its head, but appeared to grow lighter. Leaving the high road I proceeded by a bridle-path which led into the dried bed of a mountain torrent and, picking my way through large boulders of moss-grown stones, gradually reached the first shoulder of the mountain by a winding road. Once I wandered off the main track with the view of lessening the distance—a rash proceeding which retarded rather than facilitated my journey; tall heath, turf saturated with the late rain, compelled me to redoubled exertion, so I was glad to find myself on the rough bridle-path again. An hour-and-a-half's good walking brought me to the ridge of the long range of mountains on which the famous peak rested. The view from this elevation was very fine. The whole of Clew Bay spread before me like a carpet; island after island, disengaged from the mainland, stood out emerald green in a vesture of blue. On the north the towering peak of Nephin appeared like a gloomy sentinel high above the barren heath and desolate moors of Erris, where Cromwell drove the unfortunate natives to find a home—in reality a grave. The view embraced the coast-line to Galway on the south and Achill on the north, while, fronting me, was the broad Atlantic, with its white lace border extending to Loop Head. A better view could not be desired; at this point, however, only half my task was accomplished; the tug-of-war had but begun. The peak rose upwards in a conical point, while the sun glared down with equatorial heat on my head; not being much of a climber I don't mind confessing that the next thousand yards felt like crawling up the side of a loose wall. I had often to stop and take breath, but did not rest long till I reached the top, which, from below, appeared like a sharp point, but above presented a level space of about half an acre, covered with innumerable loose stones.

After demolishing sandwiches and washing down the crumbs with a liberal pull at the flask, I lit a pipe and turned to survey the sights which confronted me on every side. Involuntarily the words of the grand old song of triumph came to my lips, they were the only adequate expression of my emotion: "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!" Nothing else seemed to fit the occasion; the world with its petty cares shrank back, the soul seemed to grow larger as the visual powers became extended. There was a subtle sensation of exaltation and pride which baffles the power of words. Here I stood on one of the highest ramparts of Nature, alone on the pagan altar where the apostle of Christianity thirteen centuries ago abolished the last rites and symbols of the Druids—for what else can be the "toads" and "snakes" of the legendary saint when science assures us that

none of these reptiles were ever found in Ireland? It was here that the grim old saint did battle with Heaven for the dear land he loved:

For, oh, 'tis a lovely green island,
Bright beauties adorn our island;
At St. Patrick's command, vipers quitted the land—
But he's wanted again in our island.

Yes, the poet is right in deeming it a beautiful island, and never more beautiful than when seen on a fine day from the height of Croagh Patrick. What a prospect lay before me! Out at sea, in the south, shone the lovely Ara—"Nobody but God alone knows the number of Saints that lie buried there," writes the old chronicler—and not far off the Skeird Rocks, the neighbourhood of Hy Brasail, the Isle of the Blest—on which poets and storytellers have woven legends without number. At my feet lay Clare Island, its brown cliff flashing crimson in the sun, while a sea of turquoise blue cast round it a silver fringe. Once the island was the home of Grace O'Malley, the Queen of the West, whose hardy followers smote terror into the hearts of the Lord Deputy's soldiers while traversing the deep glens of Ben Beolah. Away north stand the frowning cliffs of Croghan, where is to be found the gloomy rock on which is perched a cormorant, supposed to have taken his stand there at the beginning of time, and fated to remain till the judgment of mankind. To describe the beauty of those glorious Irish Alps and the wide extent of land and sea, even with the most respectable goose-quill, would be as vain as to attempt the "Hallelujah" chorus on a tin-whistle. I know my limits, and shall preserve a discreet silence. For two hours I enjoyed this glorious prospect, then the rain and mist came down. What matter if I got wet and bruised in the descent? I have converted a name into a memory, and shall carry away with me for ever a photograph painted by the sun, gilded by historic memories, and steeped in poetic beauty. I shall never forget that misty day on Croagh Patrick!—J. B. D.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain J. H. Fiehland, of the German barque Adamant, of Hamburg, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the schooner Invicta, of Faversham, which was wrecked in a storm in the North Sea on Nov. 24 last. The Board have also awarded a gold medal to A. F. W. Busse, chief mate of the Adamant, and silver medals and sums of money to S. Battershall, Charles Barr, M. Sigbjörnsen, and E. Wickholm, seamen, who, with the chief mate, manned the boat of the Adamant and rescued the crew of the Invicta at extreme risk.

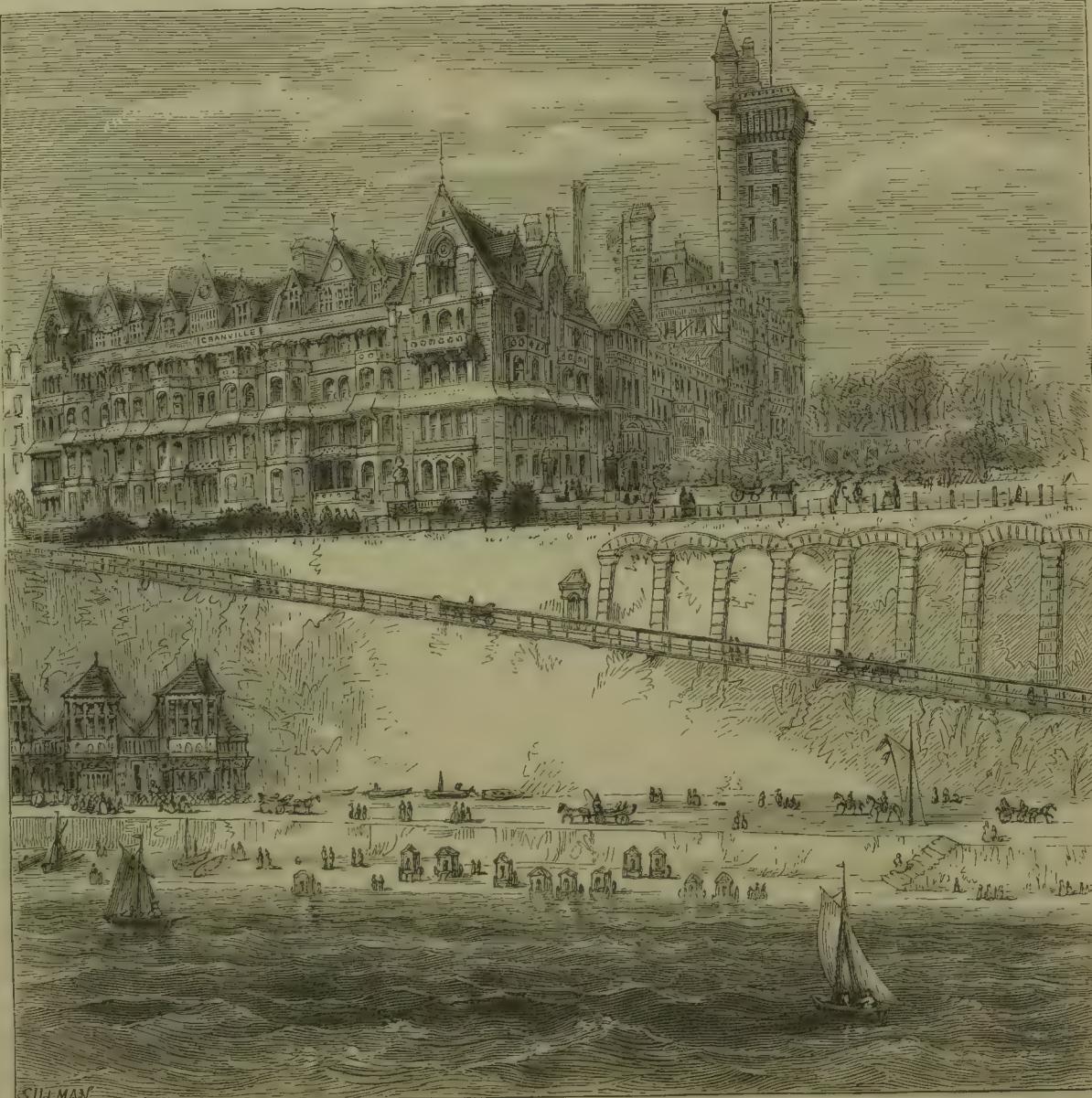
The sixteenth annual festival of the London Church Choir Association was held on May 16 in St. Paul's Cathedral. Formed in 1870 for the promotion of various laudable objects, among which are the study of Anglican Church music, old and new, the rendering of assistance to parish choirs at local celebrations, and mutual encouragement generally, the society has steadily progressed, and this year about 1000 members took part in the service. As a matter of course, the setting of the Preces and Responses was that of Tallis. The proper Psalms were the 95th and 96th, sung to double chants by Mr. Miller. The Service was that of Mr. W. A. C. Cruickshank in G—not in D, as printed—and the Anthem Sir John Stainer's, "My Hope is in the Everlasting," for tenor solo and chorus. The Rev. E. G. Swain, of St. Jude's, Camberwell, and the Rev. W. D. Fanshawe, of St. Jude's, Gray's Inn-road, read the lessons, and the sermon was preached by the Dean of Rochester.

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. LAWRENCE-ON-SEA, NEAR RAMSGATE.

TWO HOURS FROM LONDON BY THE GRANVILLE EXPRESS.

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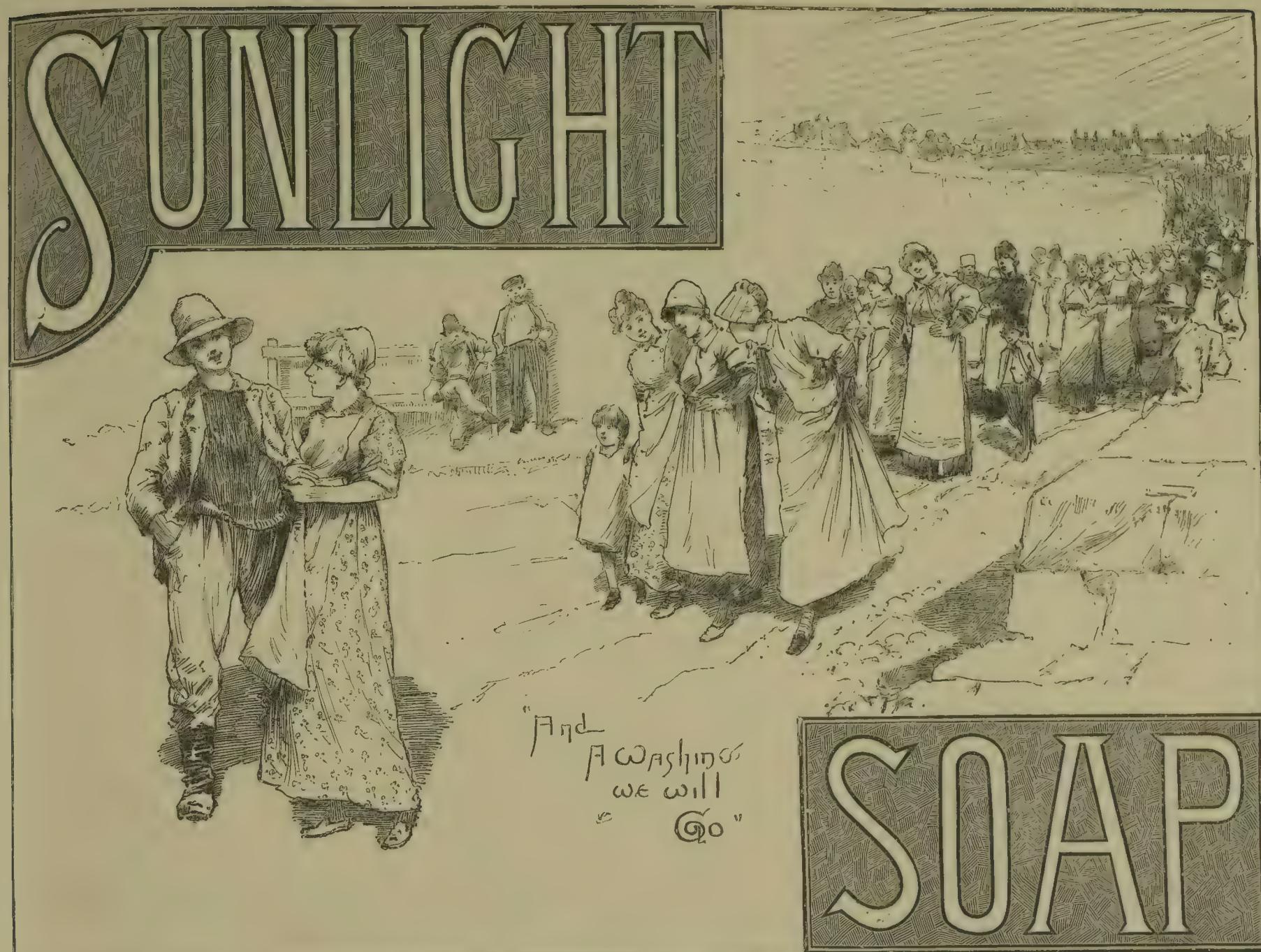
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Exceptionally numerous attendance and dress even more beautiful than usual marked the two Drawingrooms held by her Majesty recently. The Empire styles were very prevalent, the adaptation of them to Court costume being singularly successful. The magnificent brocades of the early part of the century are revived in these modern Empire costumes, together with the rich fringes and embroideries of beads and bullion. The sashes outlining the figure from the waist to the swell of the bust prove to be generally becoming; and as the special features of the Empire styles may be adapted with any desired degree of completeness, ranging from a short-waisted full-puffed body and narrow petticoat to a mere raising of the waist towards the armpits by several inches, there is great variety introduced by its prevalence in fashion.

One of the most successful gowns in this style was Lady Dudley's. The petticoat and bodice were of white satin, embroidered in silver, and the big Empire sash which outlined the slender graceful waist was edged at the bottom with silver fringe. The shoulders were fastened with sapphires, and there was a short stomacher sown with the same beautiful stones, while the train was of velvet of exactly sapphire colour; the jewels worn were sapphires and diamonds. The Duchess of Westminster wore an Empire dress of black velvet, moiré, and gauze, with hem and trails of purple wisteria.

White, happily becoming alike to blonde and brunette beauty, is the uniform of the débutante, and also, as a rule, of the young bride presented on changing her name. It is thus much worn; yet there is no monotony about the white gowns. The ingenuity of those artists in plastic, the great dress-makers, is taxed to prevent any two robes being in the least alike, though the colour must needs be the same. Vast was the difference between Miss Collingwood's Empire bodice of tulle laid in a multitude of close, tiny pleats over white faille, with a high sash of faille quite under the arm on one side, and on the other sloping down into a great bow which adorned the left hip; the round-cut top of this low bodice being trimmed with a falling ruche of marguerites; the petticoat matching, having straight folds of tulle over a narrow silk slip, with faille train from the shoulder—great was the difference in general appearance between this and Mrs. Perry's bodice and train from the waist of white striped moiré and satin, the train trimmed with great bunches of white orchids which were tied on with tulle and moiré ribbon, and worn over a petticoat of white moiré draped with crystal embroidery.

Mrs. Wynford Phillips showed how handsome a brunette can be in white, as she appeared in her train and bodice of silver brocade, trimmed with white feathers and upstanding silver oats, as became the wife of a Scotch M.P.; the high Empire sash and ends were one broad sheet of silver: a cluster of oats trimming one shoulder of the gown, and feathers the other; while the petticoat was draped with crêpe-de-Chine. Mrs. Wyndham Cook's was another white and silver triumph; the train in a brocade of silver on white, and the petticoat draped with mouseline-de-soie embroidered in an Empire design with silver; while great trumpet-shaped arum-lilies and their big cool leaves mixed with clusters of white lilac, were placed

along the train. This gown had one of the new high bodices. The Countess of Buckinghamshire's white brocaded satin was trimmed with white orchids and swansdown.

Grey goes admirably with silver, but a brocade of silver on a grey ground was a novelty. It made a beautiful gown for Mrs. Henderson, the bodice and train from the waist being of the brocade, while the petticoat was of grey faille Française, covered with net worked with silver. Very successful was Mrs. Ellerton's dress, with grey gros-grain petticoat, having a tablier of the beautiful, smooth, dull yet glossy silk called *peau-de-soie*, in lemon yellow, embroidered elaborately on the material with steel beads, and having a deep fringe of the same; high bodice and train of black brocaded velvet, with steel on yellow vest. Lady Sherbrooke's grey dress was very original, being embroidered with jet; her bodice was one of the high ones, the grey silk revers and tall half-collar being smothered in jet, while the train was a brocade of black on grey, and the petticoat grey faille, worked with jet. Another handsome and original dress was Mrs. Henry Bull's, the petticoat of which was a gold and green brocade on a ground of the most tender shot white and green, through which there seemed to shine reflets as delicate as those of a shell of mother-of-pearl; train of green velvet, and bodice trimmings of embroidered crêpe-de-Chine in green and gold.

Lady Sandhurst's appeal against the decision of the first Court that women are ineligible for membership of County Councils has resulted in the higher Court upholding that judgment. It may be taken, therefore, that the question as to the present law is settled, and that only by the action of Parliament can ladies sit as representatives on County Councils. The Earl of Meath has brought into the Upper House and Mr. Channing into the House of Commons respectively a Bill to enable women to act as Councillors, and the London County Council has, by a very large majority, decided to petition for the passage of the enabling measure.

There are certainly some matters to attend to in connection with these bodies for which women are required. For instance, there are, alas! over five thousand pauper lunatics of the female sex under the supervision of the London County Council. They are, of course, in charge of female attendants; but such humble paid officials ought to have the superintendence of educated and tender women, caring for their afflicted sisters. Again, the baby-farming Acts are to be administered by the County Council, and Lady Sandhurst had already undertaken the duty of inspecting and reporting on about twenty-six of the homes in which three or more infants are received to nurse. Surely few people will doubt that the care of insane women and helpless babies is work for women, and the public must be thankful to ladies like Lady Sandhurst and Miss Cobden for being willing to undertake those labours. The *Times* does "not think it a beautiful or laudable ambition" on the part of women to wish to fulfil such duties. Works of mercy and beneficence, however, fortunately for the poor and feeble, do not wait on the admiration of such folk.

Nine Judges have just been gathered in conclave to decide on the point of law whether a prosecution for bigamy could be sustained against a man or woman, who, having good reason to suppose (though as it proved erroneously) the spouse to be

dead, married again within seven years. By a majority the Judges have decided that it is a sufficient defence against such a charge of felony if the accused can prove good reason to believe in the death of the absent partner. Seven years is surely far too long in these days of easy and cheap communication between the ends of the earth to allow a deserting husband to retain a right to his wife's fidelity. The law of Scotland gives divorce for wilful desertion for four years; and as desertion for that space of time can hardly, under modern conditions, be anything but wilful, there seems no reason why English law should not with equal readiness recognise that the insult and neglect of such protracted absence and silence is a practical nullification of marriage.

At the annual degree-giving, or, as it is called, "presentation day," of London University on May 16, the degree of M.D. was conferred for the first time in England upon a woman—Mrs. Scharlieb, who has taken some of the highest honours of the University in the medical and surgical examinations. The gold medal in classics, the first distinction in that branch of study, was on the same occasion handed to Miss Worley, M.A.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The opening ceremony in the Albert Hall of the Al Fresco Fayre and Floral Fête has been fixed for May 29, and the committee have decided to keep the show open an extra day—namely, Saturday, June 1.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland met at Edinburgh on May 23, and the Lord High Commissioner and the Countess of Hopetoun have commenced their residence at Holyrood Palace, where the usual State Levée was held in the gallery on the 23rd, before the procession started for St. Giles's Cathedral. Lord and Lady Hopetoun, who will entertain largely during their stay at Holyrood, have agreed to take part in a number of public ceremonies during the next fortnight, and they will visit the principal charitable institutions of Edinburgh and Leith.

Representatives of the agricultural world met at Windsor on May 18 to witness, on the Royal Flemish Farm, some experiments with the Strawsoniser. By means of an air-blast the apparatus distributes manures and insecticides, as well as sows corn broadcast, in an unprecedented manner. The first of the experiments was with the distribution of paraffin, which was done in strips about 21 ft. wide at each passage of the machine, each leaf being evenly sprinkled, and in such a way as to be destructive to any insects that might be on them. Next, barley was sown by the same machine, the only difference being in the form of the distributor. A third experiment was the distribution of salt, the importance of which as a fertiliser is well understood, and in this the working could not be better. The experiments showed that the Strawsoniser is a valuable machine. Mr. Warder Allender, of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, who presided at a luncheon which followed the work, spoke most highly of the invention, and Sir John Heron-Maxwell proposed "The health of the inventor," Mr. T. F. Strawson. It was stated that M. Tisserand, Minister of the French Agricultural Department, is arranging for a series of trials of this machine to take place shortly.

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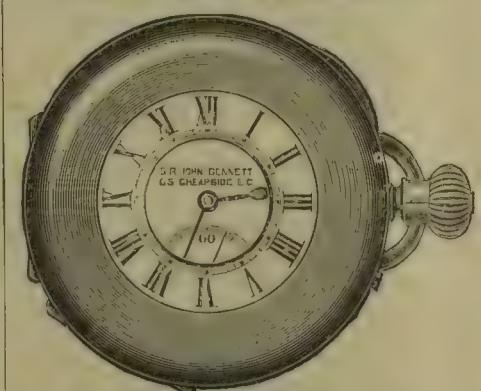
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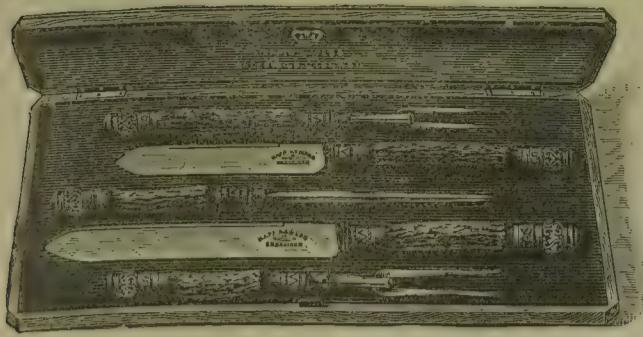
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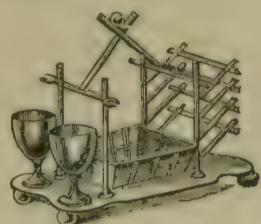
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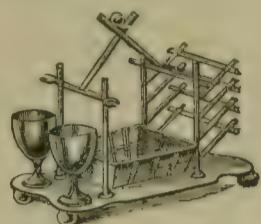
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MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Covent-Garden Theatre was opened on May 18 for a new season of Italian opera performances, being the second year of Mr. Augustus Harris's lesseeship of the theatre for this purpose. The opera on the opening night was "I Pescatori di Perle," an Italian version of Bizet's "Les Pécheurs de Perles," the original of which was produced at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique in 1863, before its composer had acquired the celebrity that he gained by his "Carmen," the results of which he did not live to benefit by, having died soon after the production, in 1875, of the last-named work. "Les Pécheurs de Perles" was brought out by Mr. Mapleson in an Italian version, entitled "Leila," during his short season at our Covent-garden opera-house, in April, 1887. On that occasion it was noticed in detail by us, and it will therefore not be necessary now to dwell at length on the book, with its far-fetched incidents of the love of Nadir, a Cingalese, for Leila, who is forbidden human affection in the exercise of religious duties on behalf of the pearl-fishing interests. The condemnation of the lovers to death by fire, and their preservation by the self-sacrifice of Zurga, a disappointed suitor for the love of Leila, are forced incidents which are not rendered interesting or probable in their dramatic treatment. The music, with some few effective points, gives little, if any, sign of the individuality and beauty of the subsequent "Carmen," and must always depend greatly on excellence of performance. This aid was generally afforded it on the occasion now referred to—on May 18—when the character of the heroine, Leila, was sustained by Miss Ella Russell with great success. In the grace, tenderness, and religious feeling of the earlier scenes, and in the more impassioned subsequent situations (especially in the duets with her lover), the lady sang with admirable qualities of voice and style. As Nadir, M. Talazac, the eminent tenor from the Paris Opéra Comique, made his first appearance here, and justified the high reputation which had preceded him. He sang with refined feeling in several instances, and with genuine dramatic sentiment in others, and he will undoubtedly prove a valuable member of the company. It is probable that he will be heard to still greater advantage in some characters other than that in which he first appeared here. A very important feature in the performance now referred to was the excellence—both vocal and dramatic—of Signor F. D'Andrade's rendering of the character of the vengeful, yet heroic Zurga; the declamatory passages for whom were admirably delivered, with dramatic force, yet free from exaggeration. The subordinate, yet still important character of Nurabad was, as in 1887, efficiently sustained by Signor Miranda. Some judicious changes and substitutions in the music have been made by Signor Manzini, by whom the performance was skilfully conducted. The orchestra (led by Mr. J. T. Carrodus) was of high excellence, and the chorus of equal efficiency, the splendour of the costumes and scenic effects being such as Mr. Harris's management is renowned for. The interior of the theatre has been redecorated, and presents a brilliant aspect, especially when filled by such an audience as that which occupied it on the opening night.

Subsequent announcements included "Faust," "Carmen," "La Traviata," and "Aida," each with a very strong cast.

The second of Sir Charles Hallé's new series of Chamber Concerts at St. James's Hall, on May 17, included a pianoforte trio by Signor Martucci, given for the first time here, and rendered by Sir Charles Hallé, Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé),

and Mr. F. Néruda. It is a work that is more elaborate than interesting, but may, perhaps, gain on further hearing. Other portions of the programme (drawn from classical sources) were far more welcome.

The re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre (again under Mr. Mapleson's direction), announced for May 25, is postponed to June 1, when Madame Gargano is to make her first appearance here as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

The second of Señor Sarasate's Orchestral Concerts at St. James's Hall, on May 18, included his wondrously brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and of other pieces of less interest.

The third Richter Concert of the present series, on May 20, consisted of a selection from Wagner's works, in celebration (by anticipation) of the anniversary of the birth of the composer, the date of which is May 22.

The fifth Philharmonic Concert of the season occurred on May 23. The programme included the reappearance of M. Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, who achieved so signal a success at the previous concert; the first performance here of Dr. Parry's new symphony having also been a feature of the occasion.

The Queen's birthday was to be celebrated, musically, by a grand concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on May 24, eminent vocalists and instrumentalists having been announced, in addition to Mr. W. Carter's celebrated choir.

The prize festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind was announced to take place, at the Crystal Palace, on May 25.

The Shinner string quartet party, led by Mrs. F. Liddell (formerly Miss E. Shinner), in association with Misses Stone, Gates, and Hemmings, gave a concert recently at Prince's Hall, at which their refined rendering of Schubert's quartet in D minor was a special feature, among other interesting items.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included those of Miss Alice Gomes, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. J. T. Hutchinson, and Miss M. M'Kenzie, esteemed vocalists; Herr Schönberger and M. Meyer, respectively eminent as pianist and violinist; and performances by the "Musical Guild" (constituted by the ex-scholars and ex-students of the Royal College of Music) at the Kensington Townhall, with a programme comprising an excellent selection of vocal and instrumental chamber music. The Westminster Orchestral Society give their final concert for the present season at the Westminster Townhall on May 25; and Mr. W. H. Cummings, F.S.A., will give, in the Council Chamber, on June 8, a lecture on Purcell. Mr. Roylance has given his forty-sixth concertina and ballad concert at St. Andrew's Hall; and Misses Josephine and Ida Agabeg an evening concert at Steinway Hall. Signor L. Denzas announces his annual evening concert on June 1, at Prince's Hall; and Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, pianist to Princess Frederica of Hanover, announces an historical organ, harpsichord, and pianoforte recital, to be given at Prince's Hall, on June 8.

Mr. Frederic Cowen's commission to write a grand opera for the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which was not actually settled at the time of the late Mr. Carl Rosa's death, has now been formally ratified by the new managing directorate of the company, and Mr. Cowen will at once commence his task in conjunction with Mr. Joseph Bennett as his collaborateur for the libretto.

The sixty-second anniversary dinner of the friends of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum will take place on May 29, at the Crystal Palace—Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., in the chair.

A YEAR OF LIFE-BOAT WORK.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution has recently issued its annual report, which is, as usual, full of interest and deeds of heroism. During the past year the society's work was carried on with great activity and unflagging energy, producing splendid results, on which the committee are to be congratulated. We learn that at last there is a possibility of a successful steam life-boat being produced. Early in the year a model of such a boat was submitted to the institution by Messrs. R. and H. Green, the well-known shipbuilders at Blackwall, which having passed through various modifications, as the result of consultation with the committee and their professional officers, was accepted, and a steam life-boat, 50 ft. long and with 12 ft. beam, to be propelled by a turbine wheel, worked by an engine developing 170-horse power, is now being built.

In 1888, forty-one new life-boats of the improved type were placed on the coast, while those at seventeen other stations were fitted with water-ballast tanks and other modern additions. The coxswains and crews continue to speak in the highest terms of the new boats, asserting that they have the fullest confidence in them, and that they are prepared at all times to go anywhere in them. In the year the life-boats, of which the institution now has 293, were launched on service 295 times, and were the means of saving 626 lives and twenty-six vessels, in addition to which the committee granted rewards for the saving of 174 lives by shore-boats and other means, bringing up the grand total of lives saved, for which the institution has granted rewards since its establishment in 1824, to 34,043. Notwithstanding the number of times the life-boats were out on service, and the 768 other occasions on which they were launched for exercise and inspection, only four life-boat men perished in their noble and self-sacrificing work. Provision was promptly made by the institution and the localities in which the disasters occurred for their bereaved families.

When the extremely dangerous nature of the life-boat service is considered, it is a matter for wonder and congratulation that casualties are so rare, and that so few of the life-boat men are lost when engaged on their errand of mercy. Since the introduction of the self-righting life-boat in 1852, as many as 70,000 men have been afloat in these boats on service alone, and the small proportion of losses compares favourably with any other service attended with danger.

The rewards granted last year for the saving of life from shipwreck, or in recognition of valuable services and endeavours to save life, comprised thirteen silver medals, two second service clasps, twenty-two binocular glasses, twenty-nine votes of thanks inscribed on vellum, and about £6000 in cash, including grants—amounting to £1000—to the relatives of life-boat men killed on duty. A further sum of £5388 was paid to coxswains and to crews for exercising the boats. The total expenditure in 1888 was £64,848 9s. 2d., of which it is pleasing to note that £40,000 was laid out on building and improving life-boats, and increasing the efficiency of their establishments. The receipts from subscriptions, donations, and dividends amounted to £50,813 10s. 11d.

The report very gratefully acknowledges the important aid given to the institution by the local committees and honorary officials; by the coxswains and crews, the Press, the Coastguard and Customs services; and concludes with an earnest appeal to the country for assistance to maintain the life-boat service in thorough efficiency, so that it may continue to fulfil its high function even more effectually, if that be possible, than it has hitherto done.



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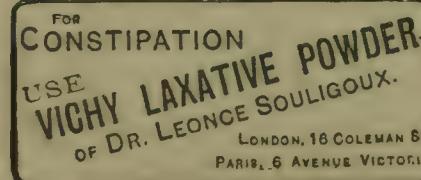
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1883), with three codicils, of the late Mr. John Hobson, of Tapton Elms, Sheffield, gentleman, who died on Feb. 20 last, was proved on May 18 by Mrs. Hobson, the widow, Mr. Edward T. Atkin, and one of the sons, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £120,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to Mr. Hobson, £100 to each of the other executors, £100 to Mrs. Charles Fisher, £100 to every surviving child of Mrs. Fisher, £100 to Mrs. Jane Wall, £50 to Mrs. Mary James, and £50 to the Jessop Hospital. Provision is also made for some of the clerks and workmen employed by Messrs. Josh. Hobson and Sons. Annuities amounting to £116 being left to Josh. Foster, Josh. Burgin, James Fletcher, and Alfred Hale; a legacy of £100 to Mr. C. Boler, and £100 to be divided by the executors amongst the workpeople. All the furniture and effects at Tapton Elms, with the use of that residence, and an annuity, for life, are given to the widow. Legacies of £6000 each are bequeathed to the four sons of the deceased, and of £4000 each to the three daughters, and a special bequest of certain gas stocks is made by the second codicil to Mr. B. Hobson. Provision is made for the division of the residuary estate amongst the children, and the shares of the daughters are settled upon them.

The estate of the late Alderman Philip Goldschmidt, J.P., of Oldenburg House, Rusholme, Manchester, who died on March 7 last, is valued at £180,240 15s. 1d., probate being granted on £114,396 17s. 10d., the value of the property situate in England, the rest being invested abroad. He appoints as executors and trustees his sons, Richard Philip Goldschmidt and Hermann Julius Goldschmidt; his nephew, Adolph Ahrens; and his brother-in-law, George Hahl. The legacies include £500 to George Hahl, if he acts as executor; £3000 to Adolph Ahrens; £1000 to the testator's niece, Mrs. Minna Munchhausen; £2000 to Miss L. Heine; numerous smaller legacies to relatives, friends, and servants; and £100 to the Manchester Royal Eye Hospital. There are also several life-annuities, including one of £300 a year to his step-brother, Moritz Ahrens. The testator leaves his residence, Oldenburg House, to his son Richard Philip Goldschmidt, subject to certain conditions; and the rest of his property is divided equally among his six children, the daughters' portions to remain in trust.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 24, 1883), of Mr. William Townley Mitford, J.P., D.L., M.P. for Midhurst 1859-74, late of No. 7, Cavendish-square, and Pitshill, Tillington, Sussex, who died on April 18, was proved on May 15 by the Hon. George Thomas Kenyon and Captain William Kenyon Mitford, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £160,000. The testator bequeaths £200, the use of his house No. 7, Cavendish-square, with certain articles of jewellery and vertu, and £400 per annum, to his wife, these benefits being in addition to those received by her under her marriage settlement; £10,000 to his son Charles Lloyd Mitford, and a further sum of £2500,

upon trust, for him, for life, and then for his children; £10,000 and £2500, upon trust, for his daughter, Miss Sybil Mitford; £100 each to Alfred Kinloch and the Hon. George Thomas Kenyon; legacies to his servants; and a bequest to his son Cuthbert Mitford, who died in the testator's lifetime. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Captain William Kenyon Mitford.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Hugh Ker Cankrien, J.P., late of Beverley, Yorkshire, who died on April 26, intestate, a bachelor, without parent, brother or sister, were granted (on May 13, 1889) to Mrs. Mary Frances Rotton, the niece, and one of the next of kin, the value thereof amounting to upwards of £135,000.

The will of the late Mr. Randolph Marriott, of Avonbank, Worcestershire, and Bayswater-terrace, has been proved, the personality being sworn under £86,000. The Avonbank estate, being entailed, devolves upon the testator's brother, Major Henry Christopher Marriott; and the personal property, subject to certain annuities, will ultimately revert to the testator's nephew and nieces, children of the said Major Marriott.

The will (dated July 23, 1880), of Mr. Friedrich Gottlob Buhl, late of No. 9, Gilston-road, South Kensington, and Nos. 58 and 59, Burlington-arcade, Piccadilly, who died on March 25, was proved on May 8 by Mrs. Caroline Buhl, the widow, and Alfred Henry Holmes, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £76,000. The testator gives £250 each to his brothers and sisters, Carl, Ernest, August, Julius, Wilhelmina, Caroline, and Amalia; £500 to his brother Gustave Buhl; £50 each to the German Society of Benevolence, Dean-street, Soho, and the Hospital at Hainichen, Saxony; £200, all his household effects, carriages and horses, and an annuity of £450, to his wife, to be reduceable to £250 if she again marries; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property, including his real estate in Saxony, he leaves between his children.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1888) of Mr. Benson Day Harrison, late of Scale How, Westmoreland, who died on May 28, 1888, at Crete, on board his yacht the Golden Fleece, was proved on May 9 by Mrs. Janet Anne Lucy Harrison, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £66,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths unto his wife, for her lifetime, all his property, and appoints her the guardian of his daughter, Muriel Beatrice Cecilia Harrison.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1883) of Mr. Richard Young Bazett, late of Highfield, Reading, who died on April 21, was proved on May 15 by Mrs. Mary Ann Bazett, the widow, the Rev. Alfred Young Bazett, the brother, and the Rev. Henry Bazett, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £58,000. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture, jewels, &c., to his wife; £500 to his son, the Rev. Henry Bazett; £200 to his brother, the Rev. Alfred Young Bazett; £1200 to each son on his attaining twenty-one; and £1200 to each daughter on her marriage. The residue of his

real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, to all his children in equal shares.

The will of Mr. James Saumarez Mountstevens, late of Saltram Place, Plymouth, has just been proved, the value of the personal estate exceeding £58,000.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1888) of Mr. Henry Stretell Chadwick, late of No. 90, Kensington-gardens-square, who died on March 29, was proved on May 11 by Harry Chadwick, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £55,000. The testator gives all his mines, minerals, and real estate at Alram and Hindley, Lancashire, and elsewhere, and the portraits of Elias Chadwick and Elizabeth Birkett to his son, Harry; £2000, and his household furniture and effects, to his daughter, Mrs. Emily Butler; and £150 each to his housekeeper and coachman. The residue of his property he leaves between his son and daughter, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1886), with a codicil (dated March 8, 1889), of Mr. Arthur Henry Clarke Brown, J.P., D.L., late of Kingston Blount, Tetworth, Oxfordshire, who died on March 16, was proved on May 11 by Henry Clarke Brown and George Clarke Brown, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £50,000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Sophia Brown, for life, and at her death he gives £5000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Mary Ballard and Mrs. Catherine Sophia Ashurst, and £10,000 and part of his silver to his son George Clarke Brown; these benefits to his children to be in addition to those they will receive on the death of his wife, under his marriage settlement. He devises all his real estate in Oxfordshire to his son Henry Clarke Brown, and his Gloucester estates to his son George. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Henry Clarke Brown.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 26, 1879) of the Hon. Patrick Fraser, sometime Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and one of the Senators of the College of Justice, Scotland, late of No. 8, Moray-place, Edinburgh, who died on March 27, at Gattonside House, Melrose; granted to Mrs. Margaret Ann Sharp or Fraser, the widow, and William Edmund Fraser, the son, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on May 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £47,000.

The will (dated June 28, 1888) of Mr. Matthew Tewart Culley, J.P., late of Coupland Castle, Northumberland, who died on March 2, in a railway carriage, was proved on April 29 at Newcastle by Mrs. Eleanor Jane Coupland, the widow, and George Culley, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. Subject to legacies and annuities to his wife and family, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his son Matthew Culley, for life, and then to his third son, John Henry Culley.

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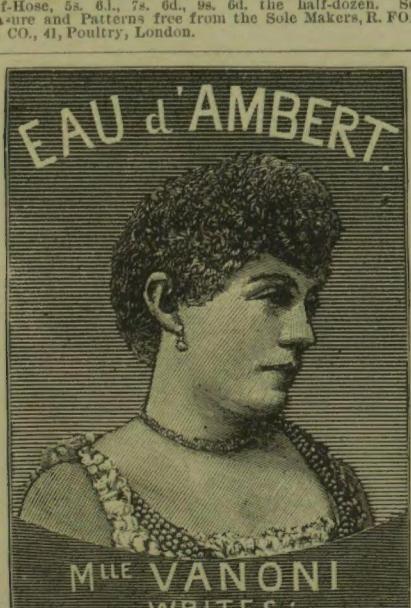
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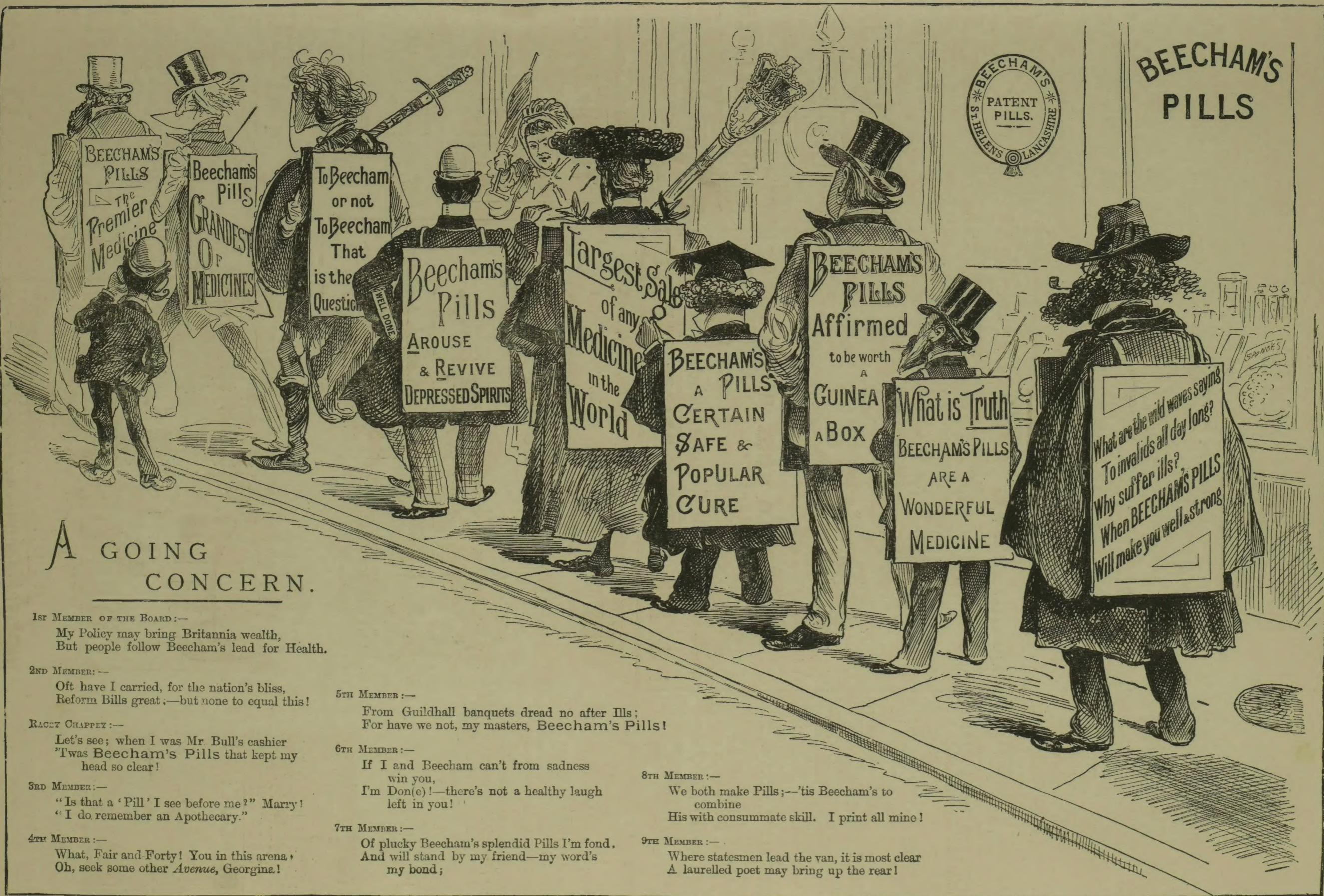
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